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Saturday Review World

July 27, 1974

Mid-Year Economic Report
THE GREAT INFLATION

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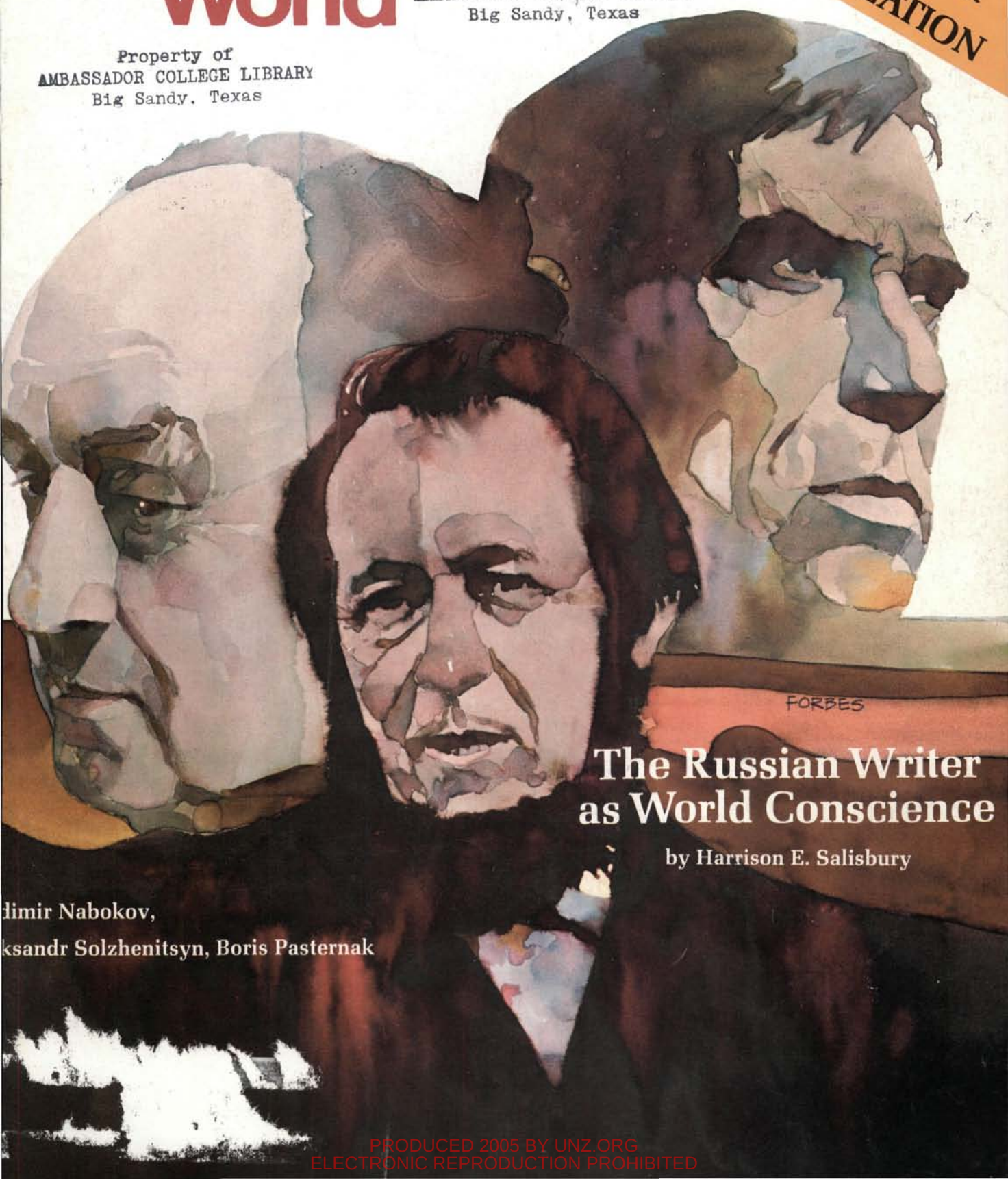

The Russian Writer as World Conscience

by Harrison E. Salisbury

dimir Nabokov,
ksandr Solzhenitsyn, Boris Pasternak

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Your next can of beer may have been a Coors can that was a Falstaff can that was a Carling can.

The aluminum beer cans chilling in your cooler may have led other lives. Possibly as soft drink cans. Possibly as iced tea cans. Possibly as other beer cans. All because of aluminum's recyclability.

It's no secret that aluminum cans are popular with people. They like them because they're lightweight, chill quickly, open with a snap and are friendly to food. Unfortunately, some of these cans end up in places we'd prefer they didn't. Like streets, roads, woods and beaches. So, Alcoa's doing something.

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Saturday Review/World's Twentieth Travel Photography Contest

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dditional exciting travel prizes to Europe, to the Bamas, and within the United States.

* * *

ward-winning photos will be featured in Saturday Review/ Vorld's Travel Calendar issue—January 11, 1975.

udges for this year's contest are the internationally renowned hotographers Richard Avedon and André Kertész; Weston laef, curator of photography, The Metropolitan Museum of rt; SR/World's editor Norman Cousins; and photography ditor Margaret R. Weiss.

ead the rules and start submitting your photographs now. Deadline for ntries is September 15, 1974. Mail them to SR/World Travel Photogra- hy Contest, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is for amateur photographers only. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review/World and members of their families.
2. Pictures, which convey a feeling of travel, must have been taken after May 30, 1973, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 unmounted.
   d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review/World reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two entries (black-and-white and/or color) to this magazine's Travel Photography Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1974, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES MAY BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality, originality in choice and treatment of subject, and the sense of travel they reflect. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a prize, the entrant must sign a statement that he is not, and has never been, a professional photographer, that the picture(s), or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 11, 1975. Saturday Review/World retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

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New Realities

The profound adjustment now being made in the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union is not the result of hastily contrived political strategies designed for mutual convenience, but the product of an accumulation of historical logic.

Both countries have been forced to recognize the bulging flaws and fallacies in their policies toward one another. Twenty years ago the basic objective of Soviet foreign policy was to achieve a balance of power in the world by confronting the West in general, and the United States in particular, with political and ideological turmoil throughout the world. This strategy called for the United States to be vibrated from one end of the globe to the other, unable to commit enough of its forces in any one place to achieve a clear-cut decision.

Meanwhile, the American strategy was to bottle up the U.S.S.R. in what was known as the containment policy. The main feature of this policy was to be a series of military alliances. In Europe the alliance was the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; in the Far East, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. By encircling and blocking off the Soviet Union from further expansion, the United States hoped that Russia's world influence would diminish, with a concomitant buildup of internal and economic pressures. Such at least was the theory.

In retrospect, it is now clear that neither country anticipated the contradictory and self-destructive nature of those policies. The Soviet Union had no difficulty in producing tension and turmoil and in causing the United States to over-extend itself; but the consequence was the acceleration of counter-measures, especially in Western Europe, thus creating a larger degree of European unity than normal political evolution had been able to bring about. The result was also a growing encirclement of the U.S.S.R. Similarly, the more effective the United States was in containing the U.S.S.R., the less secure it became itself in view of the far-flung nature and the prodigious expense of its military commitments.

Both countries have had to revise not only their foreign policies but also their hopes.

Joseph Stalin's persistent dream was that the U.S. government would be brought down by economic and political convulsions. And the dream of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was that the world's two largest Communist powers would finish one another off in a mammoth collision.

Those dreams are now regarded by both countries not as logical aspirations but as nightmares.

The last thing in the world the Sovie Union seeks today is the political or th economic disintegration of the Unite States or the world in general. Lik Bismarck, who started out with grand ose designs but eventually found him self preoccupied with the need for sta bility, Soviet foreign-policy makers hav a profound stake today in peace an world order. They have been deepl troubled by the epidemic of chaoti political conditions in England, Franc West Germany, and Italy. Far fro gloating over Watergate, the Kremlin profoundly disturbed.

The reasons are not obscure. First c all, China represents a greater danger t the U.S.S.R., as the Soviet leaders see i than all the nations of the West put tc gether. The common border with Chin has been the cause of actual bloodshe between the two countries during th past five years. A common ideology ha not been able to overcome historical an nationalist tensions. China insists that th Soviet Union return territory seize through Czarist imperialism. The Sovie leaders have no intention of liquidatin the national gains of their non-Commu nist predecessors. A complicating factc is the rivalry for leadership of the Socia ist world. Global social and political ur rest adds prospects for Maoist China membership list.

Meanwhile, the notion that the Sovie Union and China might finish one ar other off has lost its charm for Unite States policymakers. They know tha nothing would be more dangerous tha a nuclear war between the two Commu nist giants. One of Secretary of Stat Henry Kissinger's main concerns today in fact, is how best to decrease the ter sion between Moscow and Peking. H knows that a war between the two coul become a fiery world furnace. Hence th U.S. has as much of a stake in the polit cal stability of Asia as the Soviet Unio has in the stability of the West.

These new re-assessments and realiza tions are all to the good. An even bigge spurt in the prospects for world peace however, will come when both countrie recognize that their security rests not o force but on the control of force and o the genuine development of a world or der. If détente is to work, it must look t the development of world institution that can transcend national inadequacie and inanities. World law will not be eas to establish, but the awareness that it i necessary is the place for both countrie to begin. N.C

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Bedrock Diplomacy

The sad truth about our recent foreign-policy spectaculars is that they rest ı wobbly foundations—wobbly be-ıuse they have not yet won the sort : enthusiastic public support that is the :drock of successful diplomacy. The :sulting public apathy distinctly ıreatens the world's newfound hopes ›r peace, for our statesmen can obvi-ısly go no further in major negotiations .an the American people are willing to t them go.

The next urgent step for the govern-ent and our opinion leaders must, then, : a program of what might be called nternal diplomacy," aimed at enlist-g understanding and support for our :cent commitments abroad. For it is ıe American public who ultimately de-rmine, and in a visceral, final way, the .rection and effectiveness of our for-gn policy.

All this is only right, of course, be-ıuse it is the average man, and his fam-y, who must pay the price if that policy ›es wrong. It is he or his son who will og it out in the mud with the infantry -and take the casualties—if war comes. is share of the war taxes hits hardest. his may well be why the American peo-e, preoccupied with their immediate roblems, remain suspicious and slightly oof from their leaders on foreign pol-y. Average people are not easily car-ed away by idealistic, generalized slo-ans. Yet when they become convinced ıat our course is a right one, they re-ase a torrent of power.

There are many historical examples : this force. The early American settlers ere determined to remain free from the ıfluence of the European powers and ıeir rivalries. Among the pioneers an verwhelming desire developed to con-ıer the West—without regard to pos-ble international consequences. Later, fter much vacillation, Americans twice ecided to go to war to save Europe from omination by German autocracy. To reserve their victory after the Second Vorld War, they accepted the "Cold Var" of enmity with the Soviet Union. n the beginning average Americans ıpported the war in Vietnam as an ex-ension of the Cold War. When they dis-overed, however, that it was an intru-ion into a civil war, they forced their overnment to end it.

With Dr. Kissinger as its chosen in-trument, the Nixon administration has achieved a number of apparently bril-liant foreign-policy successes: the estab-lishment of contacts with China, the withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam, the furthering of détente with the Soviet Union, friendship with Egypt, and the pulling back of Israeli and Arab forces following the 1973 war. Will these moves fulfill the expectations they have aroused? More importantly, will the American people support them and pay their price? Unfortunately, we really do not know, for one of our critical prob-lems today is the lack of contact between our foreign-policy makers and public opinion—that is, the people. We have in recent times had no great national de-bate over foreign policy. Foreign issues played only a secondary role in the last election. The people have not been taken into the confidence of their government.

YET IN TIMES PAST we have had secre-taries of state and other high policy-makers who had deep roots in American political life. Cordell Hull, although dep-recated by many as secretary of state and shunted aside by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, nevertheless knew what the American people wanted. The Recipro-cal Trade Agreements Act, which he fathered, required—and got—the broad acceptance necessary for its success. Part of the difficulty is that those on the "fir-ing line" of foreign policy are, for the most part, stationed out of the country. It is not their fault that they have little opportunity to find out what the mass of Americans really believe about the for-eign policy they administer.

Neither the Secretary nor any of his top aides have stood for elective office. Their lives have been spent in universi-ties, business, or government. The Pres-ident, who is in the final analysis respon-sible for foreign policy, has himself lost contact. Embattled over Watergate, afraid of alienating his few remaining supporters, the President is in no posi-tion to interpret our foreign policies to the American people.

On paper our political parties, which are the normal link between the people and their government, man the Foreign Affairs and Foreign Relations commit-tees of the Congress. Congressmen are not, however, always expert in foreign affairs, and Congress itself does not possess the mandate to carry out foreign policy. Though it must approve the nec-essary budgets and treaties, in practical fact most of the business between our-selves and other nations is today con-ducted through executive agreements and understandings that do not require approval by Congress. Often they are put through without the Congress's even knowing about them!

As things stand we have, I fear, on the one side a brilliant Secretary of State who gives virtuoso performances as a negotiator—and on the other side an American people who are left dazzled but confused by his performances. In many respects Americans appear satis-fied with our foreign policy insofar as they understand it. But underlying this apparent acquiescence is the unsettling

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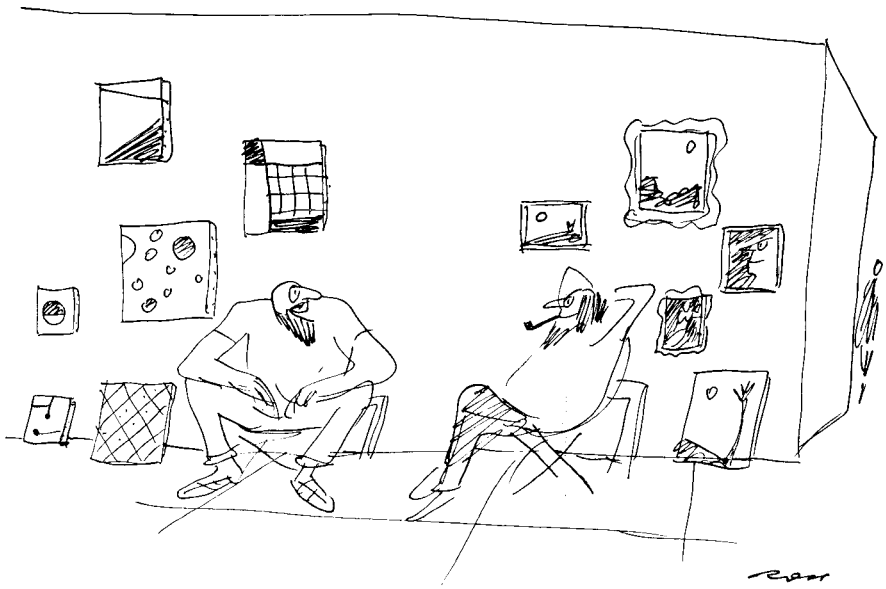

"You're a realist and I'm an abstractionist. But basically our objectives are the same—to make $40 a week."

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Letters From Readers

Human Engineering

I am glad to see that someone is writing with perspective on behavior modification ("The 'Behavior Mod' Squad," May 18). Albert Rosenfeld's statement that behavior modification has recently fallen into disfavor has not been confirmed by my experience as a practicing psychiatrist. Rather, people have become more enthusiastic about this rather mechanistic form of therapy, which views the human organism as something to be manipulated and human suffering as something that can be pulled and coaxed into human pleasure. . . .

I would hope that this article and others like it would eventually move our society and our psychotherapists to a more humanistic, individualistic approach that leans toward human dignity and freedom.

Thomas E. Preston, M.D.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Canada's Silent Majority

. . . To suggest that anti-Americanism is what motivates all Canadians—politicians and people—is stretching a point, although it's understandable how Valerie Miner got that view from Toronto ("The Canadians Are Reclaiming Canada," May 18). . . .

The proof of my point, perhaps, is the current Canadian election campaign. . . . American economic, cultural, and political penetration of Canada is not a major, or even a minor, election issue. . . .

Miss Miner has the zeal of a convert, but her report, to one Canadian at least, represents a rather narrow view of a small group of Canadians, some of whom happen to edit magazines and produce TV shows, displaying their point of view front and center. . . .

James Ferrabee
Ottawa, Canada

The Devil's Analyst

. . . Perhaps Hollis Alpert does not believe that a psychoanalyst should try to be a film critic ("In Answer to Dr. Greenson," June 15). . . . He has missed, in my opinion, the "whole point" of Dr. Greenson's article. . . . Dr. Greenson says that by its glorification of th demon, *The Exorcist* gives support t those who seek to evade responsibilit for their actions; and it is precisely thi lack of moral responsibility which en dangers our very "humanness," as w explain away the evils around us, and i the reason why *The Exorcist* should b characterized as "a menace to menta health." Dr. Greenson is defining menta health not just in the limiting manner o lack of hysteria that Mr. Alpert seize upon but also in the more encompassin framework of a morality that accepts duty to our fellow man, together with responsibility for our own actions, whic also includes coming to terms with ou inner selves.

Sallie T. Hightowe
Houston, Tex.

Rights of Soviet Jews

N. C.'s editorial ("A Report on Jew in the USSR," June 1) correctly, even i incompletely, assesses the serious pligh of Soviet Jews who choose to stay in th Soviet Union. Career and higher-educa tion opportunities for them are bein severely restricted. Regrettably, the sam editorial fails to focus upon the mor immediate and pressing problem of thos Jews who wish to leave.

If the past few months have seen sharp 40 percent drop in emigration fig ures from the approximately 3,000 pe month of last year, it is largely due t the burdensome obstacles that have bee imposed by the authorities. Applicant for exit visas in Moscow, for exampl are now required to go to the local polic station before applying at the Office c Visas and Registration (OVIR). Th psychological inhibition of taking th initial step is self-evident.

In various outlying communities, lik Kishinev, the operating daily and hourl schedule of the OVIR office has bee drastically reduced, thereby creating lon waiting lines, which inevitably lead t frustration and withdrawal of many ap plicants. Others are discouraged by host of harassments, including immed ate dismissal from jobs and vulgar abus

Approximately 800 applicant familie are in particularly desperate straits. The have been waiting for years for exit visa These tragic hard-core cases—the Par ovs were until recently an example– include some of the world's most talente

"Hi, Alice. How about a quick question-and-answer session instead of one of your long interviews in depth?"

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ientists and academics. In addition, arly 135,000 Jews have taken the itial step in the emigration procedure—formal request for an affidavit (*vyzov*) om a relative in Israel.

An authoritative U.N. study on the ght to leave, written by the Filipino atesman and jurist Judge José Ingles d published in 1963, emphasizes that r the person who is subject to discrimation or persecution, denial of the right leave "may be tantamount to the total privation of liberty, if not life itself." is for this reason that the study conlers the right to leave more critical than her human rights. This view is vigorsly supported by the brilliant Soviet ysicist Andrei D. Sakharov, who has lvised Kremlin leaders that "a free untry cannot resemble a cage."

William Korey
Director, B'nai B'rith
New York, N.Y.

litor's Note: I am grateful to Mr. Korey r putting the emphasis where it beings. Underscoring his main point is the cent news announcement of a roundup Jewish persons in order to prevent any monstrations on the occasion of Presint Nixon's visit.

od for People

Clara Pierre's objective look at "The utrition Dilemma" notes some small ins against junk-food manufacturers . but she doesn't touch upon why big od corporations are so fond of extendg, texturizing, flavoring, and coloring eir products.

The answer may be that without such emical cosmetics, the junk they pross would be so tasteless—or worse—at no one would eat it. It's tasteless beuse it's grown by factory methods, aving been genetically selected for ocessing characteristics rather than ste. . . .

It is food for profit, not people. . . . rowing a garden is the best way for us rediscover what food can really taste ke.

Jeff Cox
Organic Gardening
Emmaus, Pa.

The article by Clara Pierre was a mble of distortion, half-truths, and utright falsehoods ("The Nutrition ilemma," May 18). The statement that gar contains nutrient-free calories is ndered nonsensical by the fact that ny substance that provides the body

(Continued on page 45.)

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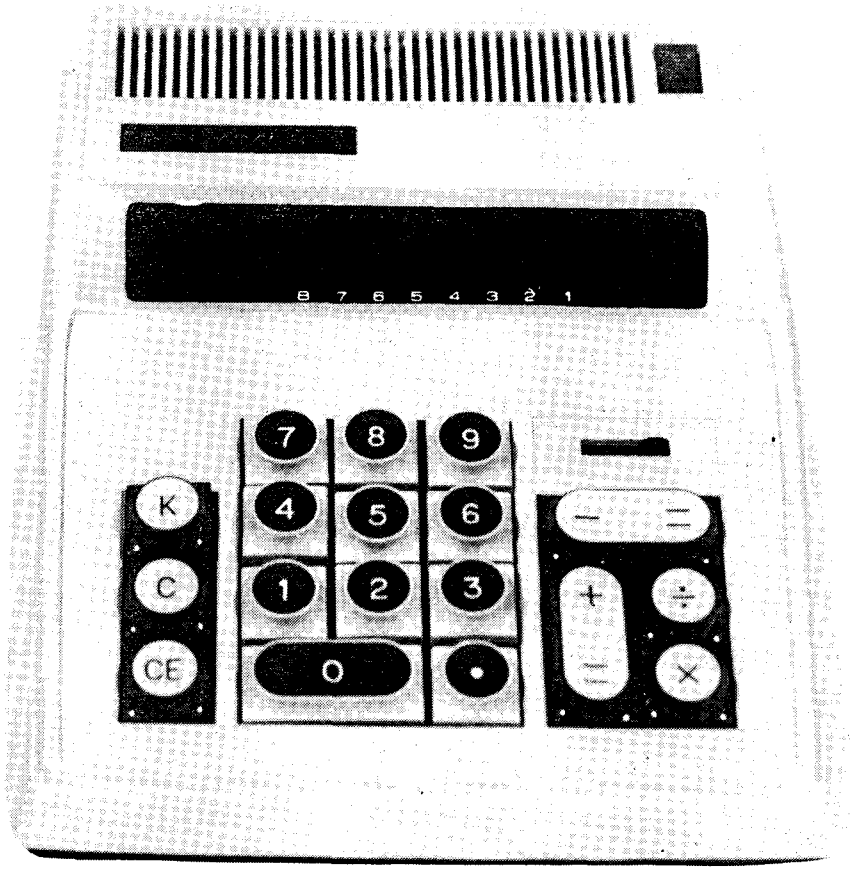

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World Progress Report

Liberté, Égalité, Sorority!

Behind the sound and fury of the headlines, popular movements for equal opportunity regardless of age, sex, or other factors are gaining ground as corporate policy responds to pressure from courts and government. Some recent landmarks on the road to equality:

Fully ten years after Congress legislated equal pay for men and women doing equal work, the Supreme Court last month affirmed the law in a decision against discriminatory wage policies at Corning Glass Works factories in New York and Pennsylvania. The company had established lower pay scales for inspectors working the day shift—all of them women—than for male inspectors on night duty. Although three dissenting justices argued that the difference between night and day was sufficient to justify the differential, the majority disallowed the sex-linked distinction with the warning that "it is now well settled that jobs need not be identical in every respect before the equal-pay act is applicable." The court's decision is expected to cost Corning alone more than half a million dollars in compensatory back pay, but the price tag for retroactive and future salary adjustments to other companies with similar policies will add up to many millions of dollars.

The Age Discrimination in Employment Act of 1967 offered effective recourse for 160 ex-employees of the Standard Oil Company of California. All between the ages of 40 and 65, they claimed that they had been fired unfairly because their seniority had made them less attractive than lower-paid younger workers. While maintaining that the employees were the victims solely of "declining manpower requirements," the company agreed with the Department of Labor that it would pay the workers some $2 million in back wages; rehire 120 of them; and reinstate pension, insurance, and stock-purchase rights.

In announcing the settlement, the Secretary of Labor noted that his department was investigating similar age-discrimination infractions "in many other companies, some of the big companies," and he anticipated other major corrective agreements in the near future.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company—known to its employees with mixed feelings of affection and antipathy as "Ma Bell"—agreed in May with a trio of insistent government agencies that it owed some $30 million in back pay to managerial-level employees, mostly women, who had suffered from salary discrimination. This latest settlement came little more than a year after AT&T had agreed to pay $45 million to lower-ranking employees as compensation for similar employment practices.

The new agreement affects employees promoted into the lower managerial ranks with a pay increase based on their previous salaries. This practice, the complaint charged, illegally disadvantaged those whose base salaries had been depressed by discriminatory policies at the submanagerial level. Under the existing system, for example, men promoted to one supervisory position began their managerial careers at average salaries of $15,700, while women rising to identical jobs got only an averag $14,960. The accord specifies that a employees promoted in this fashior past and future, shall be paid at least th average salary of the "most favore sex." The new rules will affect som 20,000 of the more than 60,000 wome employed by AT&T in lower-level mar agerial positions.

New respect for the notion of equa opportunity is not restricted to corporat consciences. A new policy announce by the Ford Foundation, the world' largest dispenser of private largesse, ad vises that "in deciding on grants, th foundation now considers . . . the op portunities the applicants provide t minorities and women," as well as "th scope of their efforts to correct inequi ties."

The foundation's announcement as sured grant applicants that it was nc seeking to impose "mandatory require ments" or "rigid procedures," but t "work in cooperation . . . in resolvin the legal, moral, and practical prob lems. . . ." For its own part, the founda tion noted that among its "continuing ef forts to help advance human welfare" i "an affirmative-action program for m norities and women on its own staff."

In one of the most inventive job-dis crimination settlements to date, th Bank of America, the world's larges commercial bank, has agreed to an est mated $10 million a year in compensa tory salary increases for its women em ployees. Further, the bank has promise to increase its proportion of women of ficers to 40 percent, with 5 percent a the highest levels of management. Bu the milestone provision of the accor creates a $3.75 million trust fund t underwrite "self-development" expense for women employees—including edu cational projects, travel, and sabbatica leaves. The settlement of the class actio brought by nine of the bank's wome employees, according to their attorney represents "an innovative attempt to im prove the status of women in the fu ture." While other settlements in job discrimination cases have secured com pensatory back pay for the affected em ployees, the Bank of America accor seeks to develop women employees fo full participation in all of the company' operations.

ANTHONY WOLF

"He must be somebody. He's sitting down."

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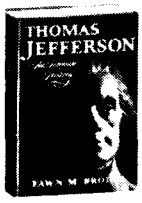

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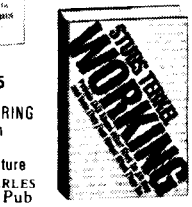

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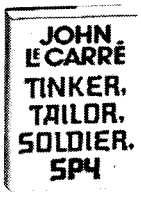

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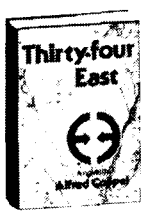

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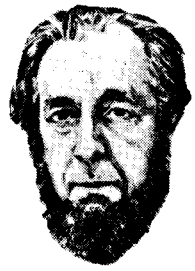

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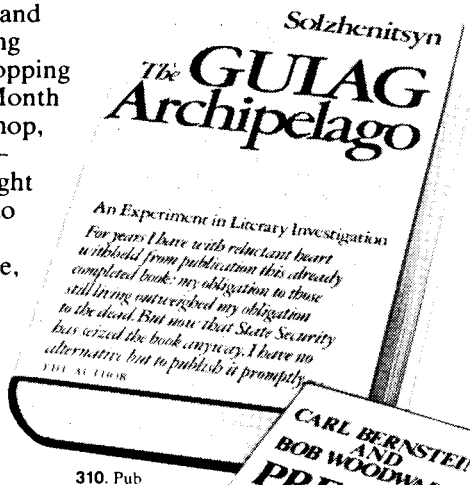

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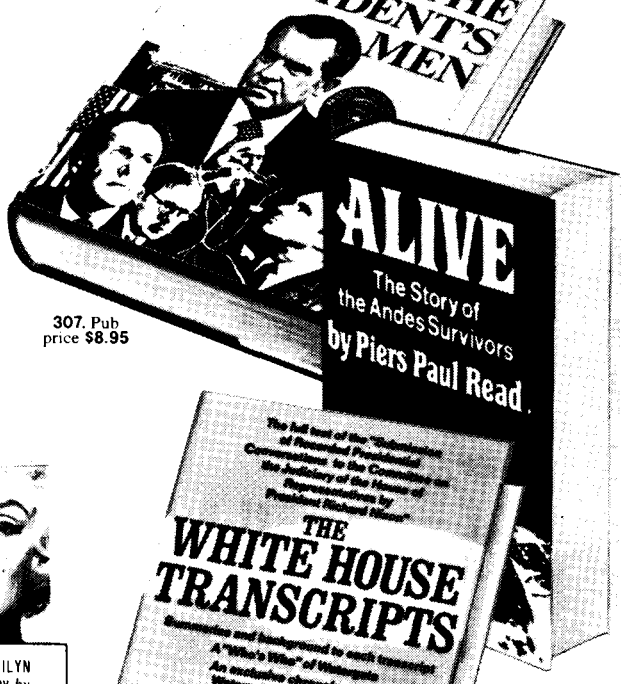

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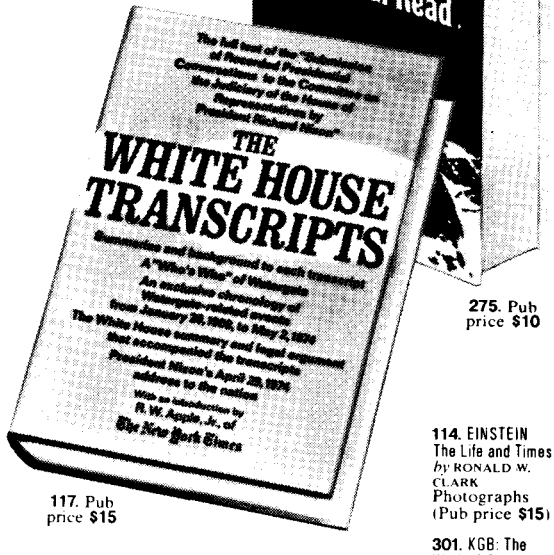

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Deficit Saving

Deficit spending is the art of spending money you don't have, which you fervently hope you will have by the first of next month. Or by Judgment Day. Whichever comes first.

Thanks to credit cards, money—that is, folding money—has gone out of style. This is mainly the fault of the U. S. Mint, which prints new one-dollar bills that cling to each other. A survey of one (this) person shows that out of every ten singles he gets, he passes out two dollars instead of one at least twice.

This reduces the worth of a ten-dollar bill to eight dollars, unless you care to suffer the indignity of holding up a long line at a busy supermarket checkout counter by blowing at the edges of two cemented singles.

As a hedge against this dismal posture, the whole world is on a wild binge of living high on the hog on a Diner's Card. In our country alone, with a debt-ridden budget of billions, the Pentagon has been given $29.2 billion to spend carte blanche and told to go full-steam ahead on an American Express Card to build new, sophisticated weapons to start a peace. Or a war. Whichever comes first.

On a one-to-one basis, this credit-card deficit spending has trickled down to the populace, so that a man buys a light-blue tie for $12 on a credit card, whereas, if he had to shell out a ten plus two singles (and most likely an added clinger), he would have had second thoughts for ten plus two minutes before buying a $12 light-blue tie, which will soon be a light-blue and ketchup-colored tie.

This Keynesian theory of deficit spending is fine. But ephemeral. Somehow, somewhere along the line, somebody is going to be stuck when the waiter cometh to his groaning table off which he has been freeloading for many credit-card years and presenteth the bill.

It's we schnooks who are going to wind up not only washing the dishes but also paying the tab when the 1040 Income Tax Form is due next April 15. Unless.

Unless all those Washington presidential advisers on the economy, who have been trying for some years to combat a roaring inflation with deficit spending, forget the Keynesian theory. And instead latch on to the Aceian theory o deficit saving. It's very simple. How els could I have thought of it?

Example: I had been going to m doctor twice a month for a vitamin shot then he raised his price for an office visi from $15 to $25. So now I go only onc a month. That's a $10 deficit saving.

He prescribed a pill to be taken fou times a day, and then the price of a bot tle of 100 pills rose from $4.50 to $9.00 so I began taking them twice a day. An qualified economist will tell you that's definite deficit saving of 50 percent.

I don't feel better physically, but I d feel better financially. And as any goo economist, or psychiatrist, will tell you feeling better financially will stop you worrying. And increase your life span Whichever comes first.

This plan makes more sense than th three phases put forth over the past thre years by Mr. Herbert Stein, a presi dential economic adviser. He's the gen tleman who was trotted out before TV cameras from time to time to tell us tha he saw the light at the end of the tunnel Turns out he's been looking through th wide end of a funnel and the light he sa was a tiny speck.

In October of '72, there was a colum titled "Prices Drop Up," for which I re searched the prices of a neighborhoo supermarket. Hamburger was $1.79 pound; tomatoes, 69 cents a pound; calf' liver, $3.19; shoulder lamb chops, $1.67 potatoes, 26 cents a pound; and so forth

Someone, not I, sent Mr. Stein a cop of that piece, asking him to make a com ment. He scribbled across it, "I don answer such stupidity."

And you know something? He wa right. I just revisited the market an found hamburger has risen in two years from $1.79 to $1.89; shoulder lam chops, from $1.67 to $2.48; potatoes from 26 cents a pound to 35 cents; toma toes, from 69 cents a pound to 99 cents

Join me in this chorus, will you?

Tomatoes are higher; potatoes are higher;
Now's no time to fall in love.

And the end not yet in sight. If yo don't care for my deficit-saving plan, offer one other snap solution: stop eat ing. And begin praying for manna fron heaven.

How much the price of manna ha risen, only God knows. [

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A World Action Plan to Limit Population Growth

by Richard N. Gardner

There are two important things to note about this meeting, a U.N. diplomat was saying recently. "First, it's being held in a Communist country. Second, it's being run by a Catholic."

The diplomat was talking about the World Population Conference that the United Nations is holding next month. Its site is Bucharest. Its Secretary-General is a Mexican Catholic, Antonio Carrillo-Flores, a large, affable, and politically astute man who was formerly foreign minister of his country.

To grasp the significance of these details, one has only to recall that for the first 17 years of the United Nations' existence, an alliance between Catholic and Communist nations kept the population question off the U.N. agenda. They were aided, of course, by the timidity of the United States and other Western countries that feared to face the subject for political reasons. It was not until 1962 that the world organization was able to discuss the population question, and so the opposition from Catholic and Communist countries was violent.

There were some vivid clashes of personality during that memorable General Assembly debate. After a particularly strong statement by a Scandinavian lady about the necessity for birth control, a Latin American was heard to remark: "If all women were like that one, there would be no population problem!"

The fact that the United Nations is holding its population conference this year with the tolerance of Catholic and Communist nations reflects the vast changes in attitudes of the last dozen years. The world's most populous Communist nation, China, is carrying out a massive family-planning effort. The world's most powerful Communist nation, the Soviet Union, now acknowledges that population trends can threaten economic and social progress sufficiently to require remedial action—at least in less-developed areas.

Here, as in other subjects, the interests of the Soviet leaders finally proved stronger than Marxist dogma. Marx and Lenin never mentioned population as a special problem in economic development—once Marxist society was achieved, demographic factors were supposed to take care of themselves. By the Sixties, however, Soviet leaders were coming to see that the rate of population growth in some developing countries would make progress impossible under any form of government. Moreover, they were concerned that the growth rate in the USSR's Asian republics was outpacing that of European Russia.

The Vatican, while continuing to maintain its doctrinal opposition to "artificial" methods of birth control, is now striving to integrate its population policy with its recent emphasis on human dignity and development. And despite the Vatican's position, one Catholic country after another—first Chile, then the Philippines, now Mexico—has moved from opposition to support of family-planning measures.

So population is now a sufficiently "legitimate" subject that the United Nations can finally hold a "political" conference about it. The United Nations' two previous conferences were academic exercises run by demographers. This time political leaders will gather to make policy decisions.

BUT WHAT practical results can such a U.N. conference achieve? To begin with, to paraphrase Samuel Johnson's famous witticism about a hanging, such a meeting can "concentrate the mind wonderfully." As the Stockholm Conference on the Human Environment demonstrated, the very process of preparing for such a global meeting can help mobilize public opinion, focus the attention of political leaders on hitherto-neglected problems, and significantly influence national policies.

Unfortunately, few political leaders appreciate the urgency of the population problem, because they are not aware of the enormous momentum built into current population growth rates. This momentum is particularly ominous in developing countries as a result of the tremendous increases in the numbers of people entering the childbearing years.

(Continued on page 47.)

"I've never been truly attached to anyone special but I have hibernated around."

Richard N. Gardner is professor of law and international organization at Columbia University. While deputy assistant secretary of state for international organization affairs in the Kennedy administration, he made the first U.S. proposal for international action to curb population growth.

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The Great Inflation

While the big price stampede seems to be over, masses of people are being stung by inflation, just as they were by unemployment during the Great Depression.

by Sidney Rolfe

Like a thief in the night, inflation has silently stolen wealth from all classes in society. Wage-earners and pensioners are hard hit in the supermarkets and in the shops. Since 1966, savings have lost 40 percent of their purchasing power. Stocks and bonds have lost at least this much value with rising interest rates. The flight from paper to things—real estate, art, gold—is an attempt to seek security against monetary depreciation. Loss of wealth and a pervasive feeling of insecurity have contributed to the cynicism and disillusionment that citizens feel for their governments and for the effectiveness of democracy.

Why so much inflation? The perplexed citizen is too often confused by purported explanations that mix symptoms with cause, transitory episodes with fundamental reasons.

Strangely, the best definition is still in Webster's dictionary: inflation is "an increase in the volume of money and credit relative to goods resulting in a substantial rise in the general price level." Or, in the common wisdom, "too much money chasing too few goods." Money and credit, in a more technical phrase, are the "money supply."

Where does too great a money supply come from? The answer again is stunningly simple—the oversupply results from too much deficit spending by governments. The process works this way: as Congress appropriates, and the Treasury spends, more money than it receives in taxes, the Treasury issues IOUs (treasury bills, bonds, and so forth) for the difference. In recession, when the society has idle savings (unloaned funds in the banking system or personal savings that earn zero or low-rated interest), it can lend them to the Treasury for the IOUs. But with near-full employment there are few idle savings around, so the Federal Reserve system simply creates additional money, in the form of bank credit, for banks to buy the IOUs—that is, to lend back to the government. This is a net addition to the money supply.

In times of recession, putting idle savings to work tends to stimulate the economy and create jobs. But when productive capacity and the money supply are fully employed, the result of adding new money supply cannot help being inflationary, after a time lag. This effect is particularly likely when the government buys military goods that never come back into the supply stream, as they either are destroyed or have no civilian use.

TO PUT IT DIFFERENTLY, the money supply is tantamount to a total, aggregate demand for goods and services. But both the supply of goods and the demand for those goods (the money supply), like two blades of a scissors, determine price. In the natural course of events, because of increasing productivity, the amount of goods available tends to increase, almost automatically, by about 3.5 to 4 percent per year in the United States (more in some countries, less in others). But the supply of money is subject to no "natural" increase rate. How much money and credit are created is arbitrary and determined by government spending decision—or lack of decision—as indicated earlier. Were the increase in money supply restricted to about the same rate as the increase of goods—that is, about 4 percent per year—then prices would remain stable. If it increased less than 4 percent, or fell as it did in the Great Depression, then prices would fall. However, in the past decade the money supply has increased by much more than the magic 4 percent, and the result—à la Webster—has been inflation.

A brief look at the figures tells the story. In the five-year Johnson era, 1964 through 1968, the money supply increased, according to one measure,* by no less than 47 percent, from $259 to $382 billion. A little arithmetic tells us that the supply of goods increased at best by about 22 percent—that is, the 4 percent productivity increase compounded over five years. The discrepancy is obvious, and the result was inflation. Nor did the Nixon administration do any better. In the five years from 1969 through 1973, the money supply increased 49 percent ($382 to $571 billion), over double the same 22 percent gain in output of goods. If the whole decade 1964 through 1973 is considered, the money supply increased by 120 percent. For the same decade the increase of output was of the order of 50 percent.

THE GENESIS of the Great Inflation is thus the doubling of the money supply in the United States from 1964 on. The major single reason for the increase was the huge expenditure for Vietnam which was not offset by increased taxes because the war was too unpopular to face a tax vote in Congress, despite the voluble protests of Johnson's economists that taxes must be raised or there would be inflation.

The signs of inflation were numerous by the late Sixties, but the most significant, for this analysis, were evident in the foreign balance of payments. For the second major step in the drama of the Great Inflation was the transmission of the American inflation to the rest of the world and particularly to industrial Europe and Japan, whence it reverberated, as a result of the international monetary system and, particularly, that system's inflexible adherence to fixed exchange rates.

Economist Sidney Rolfe's most recent book is The Great Wheel: The International Monetary System, a Reinterpretation.

*M2 is used here—that is, currency plus demand deposits, plus time deposits at commercial banks. Other measures give much the same result. Based on the *Annual Report of the Council of Economic Advisors*, 1973 Table C-52, p. 310.

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How did it happen? In 1964 the United States had a favorable balance of payments on trade—that is, a surplus of exports over imports—of some $5 billion. By 1968 this had fallen to near zero and, thereafter, to a negative for the first time in the twentieth century. The inflation in the United States had raised prices more rapidly here than in other countries, reducing American exports and inducing relatively cheap imports. As a result, a vast number of dollars were sent abroad to pay for goods.

These dollar outflows followed a path from American importer to, say, German exporter, who deposited them in a German commercial bank. The bank "sold" the dollars to its central bank for marks. The central bank thus became the residual holder of dollars. In exchange it gave to the German commercial bank from which it had collected the dollars an equivalent value of marks or of credit. So the money supply in the various countries also rose because of the inflow of dollars.

But the inflow of American dollars from the trade deficit was only the tip of the iceberg. For by 1969–70, when it had become apparent that the dollar was badly overvalued and could not earn its way in the world, billions of dollars were transferred from the United States—by foreigners moving their deposits to other countries, by private individuals and banks doing the same, and, least of all, by multi-national corporations. The funds were transferred to foreign banks to be converted into foreign currencies in anticipation of a devaluation of the dollar. For example, in 1971 no less than $30 billion left the United States in this way. And all of this money, like the dollars flowing out because of the trade deficit, was translated in the countries in which it lodged, mainly in industrial Europe, into additional money supply, hence the inflationary potential there.

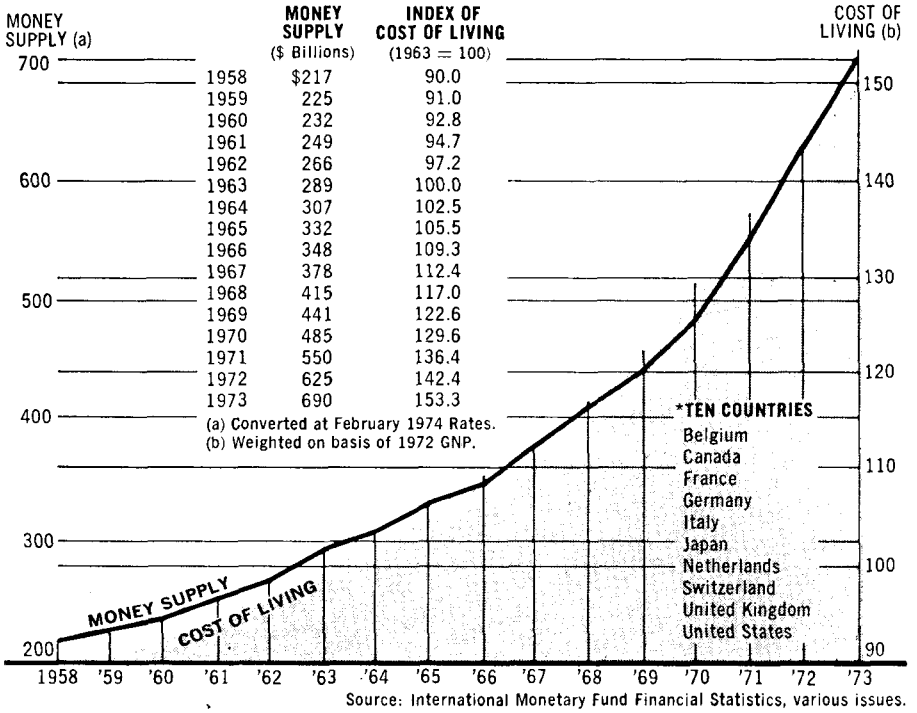
The "surplus" countries receiving dollars could have done something about the problem. They could have revalued their currency—that is, increased its value against the dollar. Or they could have agreed to permit the United States to devalue the dollar unilaterally, a course American officials proposed in 1970–71. Either adjustment would have permitted the United States to pay its way by making American goods cheaper on world markets so that Americans could export more and import less and move from deficit to surplus on the trade balance. But the surplus nations did not do so, because, although they feared inflation, they feared even more the loss of their own export markets and the political power of their export sectors.

In August 1971, the United States forced the devaluation of the dollar on the world by suspending gold convertibility and by imposing a 10 percent surcharge on imports, superseded in December 1971 by a general agreement on new exchange rates, which devalued the dollar and upvalued the yen, mark, and other currencies of surplus countries. But this, too, broke down, and in February 1973 the dollar was again devalued and all currencies were allowed to float —this is the current state of affairs.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of floating exchange rates in 1973 stopped the international transmission of inflation, but by then much of the irreparable damage had been done. New levels of money supply had been created throughout the world, and prices rose to meet them, distributing the supply of goods into the swollen money demand. A few figures will illustrate the extent of this world money-supply growth. In the two and a half years from June 1971 to January 1974 the most meager measure of money supply (M1, currency plus demand deposits)—but the only one available for international comparison—rose by no less than 32 percent, from $522 to $690 billion for the ten major industrial nations. Again, this may be compared with a 10 percent productivity growth for the period, and, of course, the process had been going on long before 1971. From 1965 on, the money supply for these nations had more than doubled, from $332 to $690 billion; the cost of living rose by over 50 percent.

Once established, the new money supply cannot be rolled back, as this would reduce spending and thereby employment and/or wages, and result in an unacceptable depression. Therefore prices will not decline in the near future, except for certain commodities, including grains, soybeans, and others for which rapidly rising prices in 1972–73 have called forth a significantly larger crop. On the other hand, there is evidence that the rate of increase of money-supply growth has slowed; so further price rises should be much smaller. The annual rates of change of the money supply for each six-month period of the two-and-a-half-year span through 1973 were 10.8 percent, 16.2 percent, 13.6 percent, 10.2 percent, and only 6.8 percent in the latter half of 1973.

Parenthetically, it may be noted that some commentators blame flexible exchange rates for increased inflationary pressure in the United States. What they mean is that the devaluation of the dollar resulted in higher import prices



Source: International Monetary Fund Financial Statistics, various issues.

Compiled by Sidney E. Rolfe from issues of the International Monetary Fund *Financial Statistics*.

Chart shows total money-supply increase of ten major countries with corresponding increase in cost of living index, 1958–1973.*

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and created a new demand for American goods abroad, resulting in a small export-led boom here. This is true as far as it goes; but a more realistically priced dollar was inevitable and should, in the long run, be welcomed. It is only unfortunate that this adjustment did not happen sooner, when a smaller dose of the medicine would have served the purpose.

THIS ESSAY has blamed inflation primarily on increases in the money supply. Newspaper readers will logically ask, What about other factors in the headlines? Crop failures; Soviet wheat purchases; the anchovies that swam the wrong way; the shortages and the soaring price of grain, proteins, and commodities? What about the Arab oil-company cartel that—using the Israeli war as an excuse—quadrupled oil prices in October 1973?

These elements are important but have been, at most, marginal contributors or, in the case of oil, very late comers. Had there been no endemic inflation, the shortages might have raised prices as a whole 1 or 2 percent, although more than that for specific goods (wheat, beef, gasoline, and so forth). Putting it differently, they converted a 10 percent inflation into perhaps a 12 percent inflation. Most of these shortages would have been much less important if the rapid increase in money supply all over the world had not resulted in simultaneous booms in all industrial countries so that there was unprecedented demand pressure on supplies of almost all raw materials. Under these conditions the world was especially sensitive to any chance shortages or to cartel actions, as in the case of the oil producers.

When the agricultural shortages hit, their impact was sharp. A recent analysis* attributes 64 percent of the *additional* inflation, the increase in wholesale prices from late 1972 to mid-1973, to agricultural goods. If this is so, it may well qualify as the straw that broke the camel's already overloaded back. The

*Nordhaus and Shoven, "Inflation 1973," *Challenge*, May/June 1974.

Inflation Around the World

by Colin Chapman

History tells us that no democracy has ever survived for long an inflation rate of more than 20 percent. Yet some of the world's great industrial nations have already passed the 20 percent mark—Japan being one notable example. Countries with 16 percent, like Britain and Denmark, are approaching the danger zone, while West Germany and the Netherlands may escape with less than 10 percent.

The fourfold rise in oil prices is the largest single cause of inflation, some countries being more seriously affected than others. Japan, which is over 70 percent dependent on imported oil, has fared particularly badly. Inflation is going to get much worse in every oil-importing country, and more governments will be facing difficult decisions. Here is what is happening in some major non-Communist nations:

AUSTRALIA. The inflation rate was 13 percent last year and is now rising to 16 percent. The country is 75 percent self-sufficient in crude oil from the Bass Strait area, and in the type of oil refined for gasoline it is totally self-sufficient. There has been considerable wage-push and demand-pull inflation. An example of the latter has been a long wait for new cars and, despite tariff cuts, an insufficient supply of imports. Referenda that would give the federal government, rather than the states, power to control wages and prices were defeated. If there had not been two upward revaluations of the Australian dollar, the position would be worse. Inflation was the issue at the May general election, but the government has produced no cure.

BRAZIL. The inflation rate is officially 14.3 percent, but bankers and economists say that 24 percent would be more accurate. However, this is a major improvement from the Sixties, when 100 percent a year was the norm. The Brazilians have a system of "monetary correction" to compensate for the falling value of money. Wages are adjusted upward to compensate for inflation, and so are interest rates. Government bonds are issued with a fixed interest rate plus monetary correction. Thus if the interest rate is 10 percent while the cost-of-living index rises 25 percent, the total interest received would be revised upward to reflect the 25 percent depreciation in currency. There is also a tax deduction for working capital affected by inflation. The system has brought great benefits to Brazil, but, of course, many personal liberties have been suppressed in the name of economic order.

BRITAIN. The rate of inflation was 13 percent last year but now is nearer to 16 percent. In February of this year Heath's Tory administration was defeated because of the unpopularity of its counter-inflationary measures. But these were mainly aimed at keeping wages down, while encouraging profligate spending because of an expanding money supply and easy credit. The Labor government has increased taxes and tightened credit, while wages rise because of new agreements tied to the cost of living. There's not much optimism in Britain these days, but the trade deficit is steadily improving, and most people cling to the hope that North Sea oil will eventually save the day.

CANADA. Inflation is threatening to accelerate from a rate of 7 percent last year to as much as 10 percent in 1974. The 1 percent jump in the consumer price index in February was the highest in 20 years. Government inability to deal with inflation explains why the Trudeau administration became the first in Canada's 107-year history to be brought down by a Parliamentary rejection of the budget; it is now in doubt whether Canada can deal with inflation any more effectively than the United States can.

FRANCE. The rate is about 16 percent. France has been Europe's success story, and there is no shortage of optimism-preaching pundits, including the American think-tank forecaster Herman Kahn. But the country depends to a great extent on imported oil and gas, and its coal resources are limited. As finance minister from 1969 onward, President Giscard d'Estaing was always ready to accept a certain degree of internal inflation as the price to be paid for uninterrupted economi

Colin Chapman is on the staff of The Financial Times *in London.*

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question is not, Which straw? but, Why so much load? Now, futures prices indicate these agricultural goods will recede with this year's crop, further evidence that the worst of inflation has passed.

More sophisticated readers will recognize the money-supply thesis as what is commonly called "demand-pull" inflation. What about "cost-push"—wage-increase—inflation and others? Wage increases are usually attempts to catch up with living costs raised by monetary inflation. In the absence of monetary inflation, a cost push in one sector may score off other workers or consumers but will not of itself be inflationary overall unless the monetary authorities increase the money supply to "accommodate" the cost push. The key is still the money supply.

To be sure, other factors helped inflation. Price controls—the ill-fated phases I, II, III, and IV—certainly helped, although they were intended to do the opposite. While in force, they suppressed inflation, making it visibly worse when removed; helped reduce needed supplies of goods by making price and profit expectations uncertain; and did nothing to cure the excess money supply. Indeed, by drawing attention from it, and by purporting to be helpful when in fact they were harmful, price controls were on the whole counter-productive.

A final factor that will only be briefly mentioned is the Eurodollar market, because it is far too complex for a short article. Suffice it to say that this unregulated international banking system, which operates without reserve requirements, expanded the dollar-outflow from the United States into the formidable total estimated at $150 billion at the end of 1973 and increased the world's already swollen money supply. But it, too, is marginal to the extent that it reflects, and thrives on, the outflow of U.S. dollars and some well-meant but counter-productive U.S. government regulations over multi-national banking and business, mercifully ended in early 1974.

WHERE NOW? For the immediate future, the worst of the inflation seems to be over. Price increases will not continue

growth. The French started off this year with a wild spending spree, but now money is short because of a tight credit squeeze. Efforts to hold back wage increases show few signs of succeeding; it is hard to persuade workers to accept sacrifices while wealth is unevenly distributed. Price controls have been intensified.

GREECE. The inflation rate of 33.4 percent is the highest in Europe, and it is getting worse. The colonels are trying to keep prices down by offering a number of tax incentives to encourage industrial and agricultural production. At the same time they are restricting consumer demand and liquidity by tight credit.

INDIA. The inflation rate is now 15 percent for the second year running. Hardest hit is the middle class, whose savings and hopes have been washed away. Inflation has made nonsense of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's last-election promise to abolish poverty. Food shortages and high prices pushed her into a major concession to populism—and she nationalized the wholesale wheat trade. But this action caused even more food bottlenecks, and prices soared again. So she denationalized the wheat trade and improved competition by liberalizing licenses for American and other multi-national corporations. To keep wages pegged, she broke an airline strike by locking out the strikers and ordered ruthless industrial repression to starve out railwaymen on strike. Government anti-inflationary measures include steps to check bank credit and a tightening of the money supply. There have been major cutbacks in public spending: administration and development programs are being chopped by 4 billion rupees ($513 million). Price controls have been applied on essential commodities.

JAPAN. Inflation last year reached an unprecedented level of 24 percent in March, but it has been brought in check somewhat since then. Nevertheless, forecasts are grim. Here are three banks' predictions for the year ending March 1975: Daiwa Bank, wholesale 22.5 percent, consumer 19 percent; Mitsubishi, wholesale 21 percent, consumer 19; Fuji, wholesale 26 percent, consumer 19. Anti-inflation measures include a 9 percent discount rate and a control on the monthly volume of loans by individual banks. The government has also exercised direct pressure on Japanese industry through what is known locally as "administrative guidance" in limiting price increases. Monthly wholesale prices have slowed from over 7 percent in December of last year to under 1 percent in March and April. But a faster rate is possible in late summer, owing to the inflationary effects of the recent 30 percent industrial wage increases.

SWEDEN. With inflation moderate at only 8 percent and growth predicted as high as 4.5 percent, the Swedish economy could achieve the best results in a decade. All this with no slums and no poverty. Furthermore, in an attempt to protect the small saver against inflation and to halt the decline in the savings banks' share of total savings, banks are planning to introduce index-linked deposit accounts later this year. These will give the investor not only normal interest on his money but also a further percentage to enable him to cope with inflation.

UNITED STATES. Inflation is running at 12 percent. Even so, many people are optimistic because a good harvest is expected, world commodity prices show signs of falling, and the trade unions look as if they will be moderate in wage demands. The Nixon administration hopes that by the end of 1974, prices will be rising by only 7 percent.

WEST GERMANY. In marked contrast to Weimar days, German inflation, at 7 percent, is the lowest in the industrialized world. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is pursuing a policy of high interest rates and tight credit but will not allow wage or price controls. German institutions are also forced to deposit with the Bundesbank—at a nil rate of interest—one-fifth of whatever money they have borrowed overseas. The stability of Germany is partly due to the 20 percent appreciation of the deutsche mark since December 1971, accompanied by no loss of German exports. West Germany is one of the few oil-importing countries running trade surpluses this year: critics believe this is the wrong way of curbing inflation. But it has worked. As Chancellor Schmidt said recently: "There is no other country that has performed as well as we have, either on the price front or on employment." □

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as they have in the past, because the rate of increase in the money supply has slowed and governments seem, belatedly, to be sensitive to this factor. In the case of some commodities, prices have fallen from their peaks and will fall more as inventories are dishoarded. Agricultural goods should decline, too. But a general rollback of prices to some halcyon level will not happen. It has been the hypothesis throughout that inflation —that is, price increases—is required to equilibrate the available supplies of goods with the new, higher level of money supply. Much of that equilibrating is past. Recent high interest rates reflect the reduction of money-supply growth; and penalizing though they are for the housing industry and for those businesses that rely on cheap credit, it would seem better to bear them than

Putting the Bite on the Poor

There are two inflations—one affecting middle-income groups; the other, low-income. One strikes at the full, the other at the empty, belly. Nor can the two possibly be equated, any more than two lamb chops and two hog jowls add up to four. "Lamb-chop inflation" affects luxuries. "Hog-jowl inflation" comes down hard on scraps from the butcher's block, the anemic diet of the poor, and it is cruel beyond imagining. If inflation is chastising the middle class with whips, the poor are being scourged with scorpions.

The income tax, at least, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, makes a stab at adjusting the tax rate to spare the very poor (and the very rich), and places its burden mainly on the middle class. But double-standard inflation discriminates against those on the poverty level and below. It is precisely the poor man's table that is hardest hit: the sharpest price rises show up at counters displaying the sorriest meats, the meanest fare, the bone and gristle of the lamb and steer, the wilted vegetable, and the spotted and shriveled potato.

Item: Soup bones—scraped religiously, and of the sort any good-natured butcher used to give away for free—have now appeared on my supermarket meat counter at $.49 a pound. Try to figure the rate of price rise from point zero.

Item: Salt pork, all fat and no protein, but the very soul of soul food, has vaulted from $.69 to $1.19 a pound.

Item: Pig tails, all skin, bone, and gristle. Never before displayed at my supermarket meat counters, they have appeared for a while, going for $.69 a pound.

Item: Hog jowls. Nothing but skin, really, but the same price as pig tails.

Item: Broiler-fryer chickens. One of the now-vanished specials, obtainable until the recent spurt in prices at $.29 a pound. Now you pay $.59 a pound—a 100 percent increase.

Item: Chicken necks and backs. Very little meat here per pound, but from it a nourishing soup can be extracted. Selling for $.29 a pound, which is pretty much what the whole pullet cost a few months ago.

Item: Milk, which even poor babies must have, $.55 a quart, or doubled in price.

There are other budget areas where the poor are hurting—for example, rent, clothing, and transportation. Take housing: slum clearance, the erosion of rent control, the demolition of cheap but still habitable tenements to make way for high-rise, high-rent buildings—all this has forced the prior occupants out into the free and fearsome real-estate market.

Bus and subway fares have quadrupled in recent years, and the threat is that they will rise and rise again. The flea is small, but its jump is fantastic.

The rich are, of course, immune from the scourge of inflation and may even profit from it, at least to the extent that they control prices.

THE MIDDLE CLASS has a somewhat rougher time of it: the middle-income housewife with gourmet tastes finds it a drag to substitute chuck or chicken for sirloin, lemon for Dover sole; but this involves, after all, no loss of protein. No doubt it is a cruel sacrifice to forgo the trip to Europe or the Caribbean cruise and settle instead for a vacation closer to home. And it is distinctly infra dig to serve house-brand Scotch instead of Chivas Regal, and bar gin rather than Beefeaters.

More seriously, it is agony for the middle class to have to weigh the paralyzing costs of private-school education for one's children against the perils and the chaos in our public-school system. No one accepts diminution with grace. The current and besetting problem, however, is food.

As every shopper knows, there is a Catch 22. W.S. Gilbert put it succinctly nearly a century ago, in *The Gondoliers*:

> When shoddy's everybody's wear
> Up goes the price of shoddy.

For instance, some years ago, in a non-inflationary period, when the health-giving properties of calf's liver, once the fare of the slum dwellers, came to the attention of the affluent, up shot the price of calf's liver till it rivaled filet mignon. One shudders to think of what soul food will cost once its gustatory reputation in the ghetto spreads to the general public. Black-eyed peas are already selling at $1.50 a pound, and there is no reason to suppose that chitterlings will not go the way of all flesh.

Nor is this problem confined to the ghetto. In the ranks of the impoverished must be placed the widows and orphans living on fixed, modest, now-receding incomes; the elderly and retired, whose pensions and social security, once considered adequate income, have been eroded by the waves and winds of inflation; and the unskilled workers unprotected by strong unions, or any unions at all, plus the unemployed and unemployable.

These and such as these have already been forced to put up with half-baked middle-class advice:

Let 'em eat bread. With the cheapest loaf at $.55 a pound, cake would be almost as cheap.

Let 'em eat the cheap meats. There aren't any.

Let 'em eat fish. Guinea hen underglass might be cheaper. Trash fish, like blowfish tails (elevated in nomenclature to sea squab), sells, when obtainable, at the former price of Chinook salmon, and canned salmon is marked up to $1.50 a pound.

Let 'em eat cheese. California jack is going for $1.50 a pound. Chuck steak is cheaper.

Let 'em eat less. Belts have already been tightened.

Let 'em not eat at all. No comment.

In brief, for the poor there is no escape. Advice is wasted on them and can only come as an irritant.

LOUIS BER

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to increase the money supply again with further, future inflationary consequences. Interest rates, too, appear to have passed their peak.

Some fear that inflation will end in a crashing depression and are accordingly preparing for the worst. This, too, seems unlikely, although liquidity squeezes and more bankruptcies than usual are likely.

The real question, however, is future policy with respect to inflation. It has now had sufficient impact on enough people so that the mass fear of a repetition is deep and genuine. Can this desire be translated into political will? Any political figure must be tempted by the next election, never far off. This is particularly true in a world beset by weak governments, where a 2 to 3 percent swing of the vote will unseat any incumbent government in the West. The short-run euphoria and the hurrahs that accompany a stimulating rise in the money supply are hard to resist.

The time would seem to be at hand, therefore, for some rules about the money supply to become standard fare in all political rhetoric and action, just as "full employment" has become. The main rule would be to contain the money supply within the bounds set by the growth of output, with a view to achieving something close to price stability. The rule implies much less leeway for the Federal Reserve Board and the monetary authorities to create additional money supplies through their own secret formulas. It also implies greater public awareness, hence pressure on Congress, to resist deficit spending unless this is clearly desired for economic stimulation.

It is also necessary to take a more sophisticated view of the unemployment statistics. The rush to inflate when the overall unemployment rate rises to 5 percent or so must stop. A distinction should be made between head-of-family unemployed and school dropouts who can swell the total number but are not employable in any event and who would be better assisted by job training or direct employment on project work than by a rush to general inflation.

Similarly, the time is at hand for international financial cooperation to coordinate movements of the money supply among the major nations, again with view to their orderly and rational growth within the bounds of new production. Flexible exchange rates should be re-affirmed as a means of preventing the international transmission of inflation.

Surely, all of this has been advocated before, and cynics may well wonder, Why again? The difference this time is that masses of people in every nation have been stung by inflation, as they were by unemployment during the Great Depression. And there is evidence—*vide* the slowdown in monetary growth—that politicians have been getting the message. The message needs to be sent more clearly, with more specific directions, and more forcibly. It could just work. □

"A Game to Be Played Well"

Strasbourg

Inflation in most Western European countries will probably continue because so many people now profit from it. The biggest profit-maker is often government itself.

The major European exception to this trend, of course, is still West Germany. Mindful of the ruinous runaway inflation in the inter-war years, Germans remain determined to keep at least a partial lid on prices. Nevertheless, their annual inflation rate has risen to 7 percent.

In other countries inflation has become a game to be played well rather than ended. Governments find they can pay off their debts with money that is cheaper than the money they borrowed. Such repayment is more pleasant than the traditional, politically more rigorous, method: taxation.

The noted economist Raymond Barre summed up the situation before a recent Strasbourg colloquium on inflation, sponsored by *Crédit Mutuel*, one of the largest cooperative banks in France. Inflation, he said, "is now largely accepted. . . . The constraints are few. The possibilities for profit are many."

Modest savers, people on fixed incomes, and creditors have always suffered most from inflation. Today, however, even these groups do not resist inflation as they once did. Savers are in any case a quaint, disappearing race. In traditionally conservative France, savings were 16 times greater than credit buying in 1959; they are only five times greater now!

Paradoxically, the labor movement is proving a major inflationary force. The political power of labor unions is now so great in most Western European countries that many governments don't stand up to the unions' inflation-feeding wage pressures. "Heath tried to resist such pressures in Britain," an opposition Labor MP recently confided, "and he received neither understanding nor thanks from the country."

As one European economist put it, the much lower inflation rate in West Germany, compared with that of France or Italy, is explained by "the social discipline of the German working class and the social consciousness of the German employer class. There are relatively more people in Germany who understand that increased wealth comes finally from increased production alone. German workers want the market economy to work."

This same economist pointed out that British trade unions either do not understand the market economy or else, like their strike-prone French and Italian counterparts, do not want it to work. Inflation is disorder, and runaway inflation is runaway disorder. It may be, he continued, that Communist parties see inflation as a path leading toward their takeover of power—as a ploy "to restore their kind of order."

Whatever action Europeans take—either together or as separate nations—real leadership in controlling inflation may have to come from the United States. Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, a European who formerly headed the International Monetary Fund, is known to believe that no country except perhaps West Germany can hope for an inflation rate lower than that of the United States, now that the American economy has become so influential in Europe.

But how, thoughtful people ask, can today's Watergate Washington provide the leadership and muster the political courage to solve the inflation problem? Courage there must be, says Raymond Barre. Inflation creates, he contends, an illusion of full employment and prosperity; a government that pricks this illusion risks being thrown out of office. Nevertheless, Barre says, governments must finally "lead, rather than follow or flatter, the public." Failure to do this, he concludes, "is simply to await catastrophe." RICHARD NEFF

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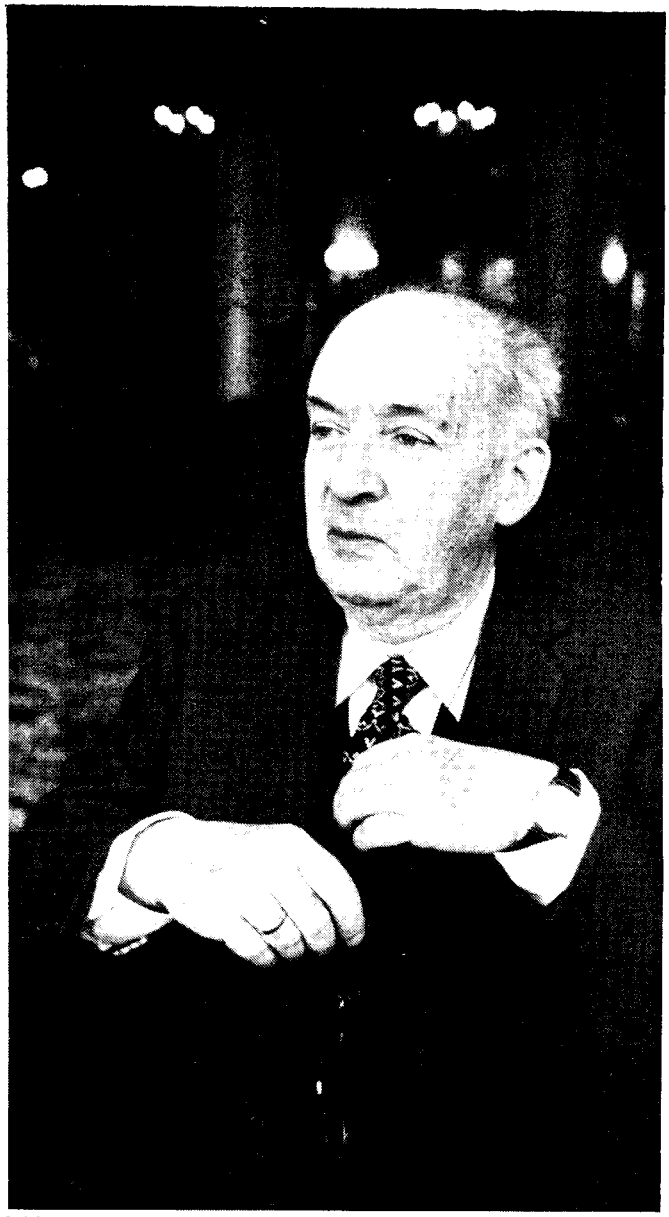
The Russian Writer as World Conscience



Jill Krementz

Vladimir Nabokov—"An entire volcano in himself."

by Harrison E. Salisbury

I do not know how most of us think of Russian genius. Do we think in terms of Vladimir Nabokov (an entire volcano in himself)? Or of Solzhenitsyn—that white whale of the Soviet Union? Or of Pasternak—the closet genius of the Stalin years?

Or do we take Russia in its broad sweep—as I do—the sweep that began, perhaps, with Pushkin and roared through the nineteenth century, bringing us Gogol, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Gorki, and all the others?

I see Russia as a volcano, erupting its creative powers, its great writers, its great artists, like a rain of lava around the world—a seemingly unending flow that fertilizes not only the lifeblood of America but that of all nations of culture. It is a substance so vital that no bottle can contain it. In essence, it is Russian blood, Russian spirit, Russian wit—the soul of Russia and its mind—a mixture so explosive no vessel could possibly hold it—a substance so volatile that the very structure of Russia has been sundered by its tumultuous eruptions.

It is this magnificent profusion of talent, not equaled by any other literature and continuing unbroken into our own times, that we must consider to be the wine of Russia—and Nabokov the rarest vintage of a vineyard without parallel.

The genius of Russia is of such richness and abundance that it has deeply marked all Western culture. It is our own happy chance that in 1940 Nabokov decided to make himself an English writer, specifically an American writer, rather than remain a writer of Russian—or of French and German, choices equally open to him by his linguistic capacity. It is true, of course, that he read English before he read Russian. It is also true that in 1940 he determined to come to the United States. And it is in that circumstance alone that I have the temerity to speak of "Russian wine in American bottles." But in so doing, I must apologize to Mr. Nabokov. He is, of course, his own wine in his own bottle.

To the Russian it seems natural that h speaks for and to the world, for this i in a sense, his holy mission. He has bee not only a cultural but also a profoun political influence in the world for a cei tury or more. It is a mantle that res lightly on his shoulders—perhaps mo lightly on the shoulders of Naboko now writing in Russian, now translatin his Russian works into English, an then, most improbably of all, as i *Speak, Memory*, translating first fro Russian to English, then the English int Russian, and finally back into Englis again.

BUT OF SUCH PYROTECHNICS there is n end for Nabokov. Nor do they see pyrotechnical in his hands. They see but the easy, natural consequence of genius, a talent, a knowledge that make so many of us in our monolingual worl seem poverty-stricken, suddenly de

Harrison E. Salisbury is a longtime specialist on Soviet affairs and the author of several books, including 900 Days: The Siege of Leningrad.

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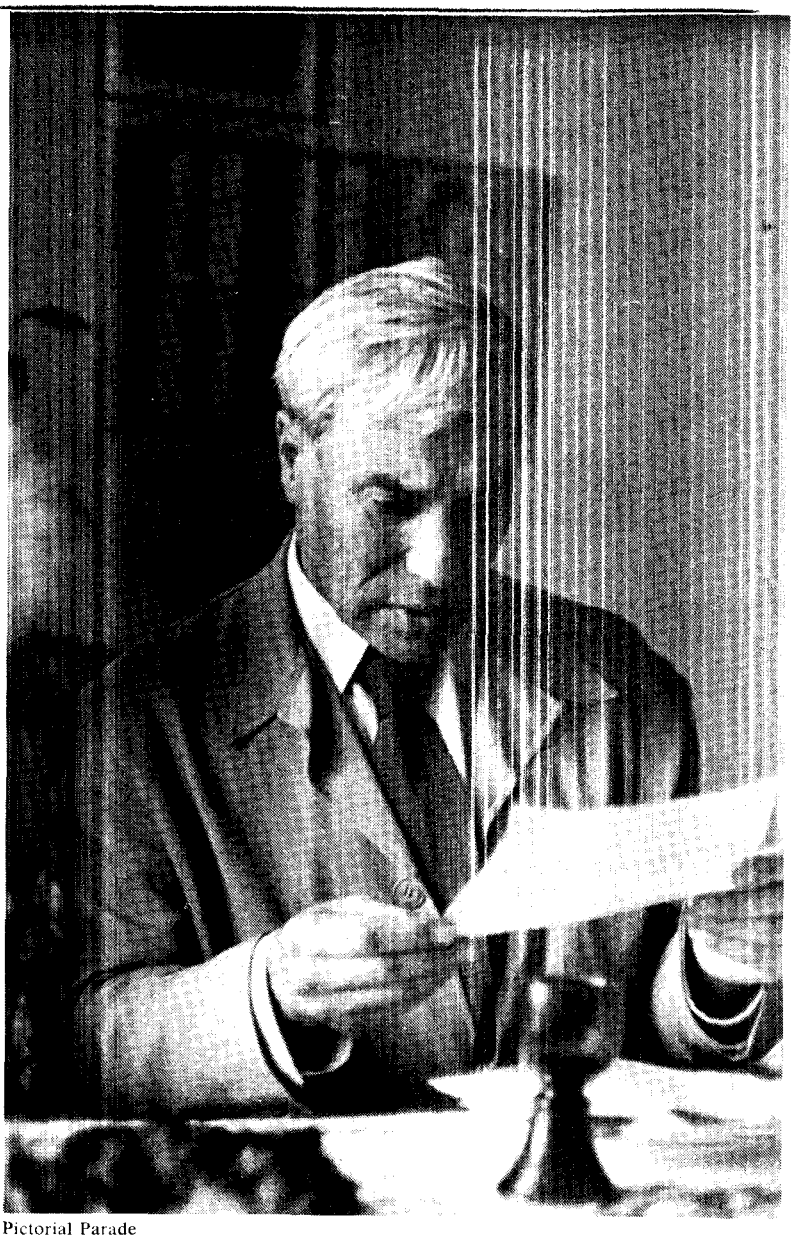
Jean-Claude Francolon: Gamma

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—"White whale of the U.S.S.R."



Pictorial Parade

Boris Pasternak—"Closet genius of the Stalin years."

prived, almost illiterate.

What is perhaps most extraordinary about this Russian talent is that it shows no signs of slowing down in its outward flow. Nor does there seem to be a sign that any government of Russia will cease the cruel and repressive policies that give to the rest of the world that most precious of Russian treasures—their own heritage of culture.

There is no nation in the world so rich that it could afford to persecute Pushkin, to send Lermontov to the Caucasus to end his life in a trivial duel, to suppress Gogol, to drive Turgenev into years of French exile, to place Dostoevski upon the execution block and then consign him to Siberia, to ban the writings of Tolstoi, to harass Chekhov, to send into tawdry exile Nobel Prize–winning Bunin, to drive its poets—Tsvetayeva, Esenin, Mayakovski—to suicide; to harass the great Akhmatova, to murder Mandelshtam in prison camp, to suppress Pasternak, to exile Solzhenitsyn.

AND IN THIS SOLEMN, endless funeral train of the spirit, the name of Nabokov takes its honorable place beside his father, a patriot, a democrat, a liberal, harassed by the Czarist police, murdered in Berlin exile by a Fascist thug —the son, like generation after generation of Russian *intelligentsia,* dipping his

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"To the Russian it seems natural that he speaks for and to the world, for this is . . . his holy mission. . . . It is a mantle that rests lightly on his shoulders."

old, brown, end-chewed pen in the bitter ink of the exile's well.

Only a Freud or a Jung could explain to us this national rejection of self, which has been through centuries the characteristic of the Russian state. Repression? Nothing new about that. The new rulers of Russia, as Solzhenitsyn calls them, may send the young dissident poets to insane asylums. But a century and a half ago Chaadayev was treated in the same manner for presuming to write implied criticism of the Russian state.

Censorship? Nicholas I himself acted as Pushkin's censor. Later in his gloomy regime the gendarmerie made a habit of confiscating sheet music. They feared that the score of Beethoven might contain a secret message.

TODAY WE ARE CONFRONTED with a singular coincidence. Two of Russia's brilliant creative artists—Nabokov and Solzhenitsyn—are both residents of un-Russian Switzerland. But this, too, is more habit than novelty. In the days before the revolution, Geneva was the most Russian of cities—once boasting nearly 20,000 émigrés and a political life so intense that whole sections of the city were inhabited by the adherents of Lenin, Plekhanov, Martov, and the other revolutionaries.

It seems hard to find true points of similarity in the art of our two Swiss émigrés, Nabokov and Solzhenitsyn. Yet the hottest items in the smugglers' trade to the Soviet Union are, to be sure, *Lolita* and *Gulag Archipelago*.

These men seem to be antipodes—Nabokov urban, civilized, master of tongues and riddles; Solzhenitsyn, son of Gulag, child of the revolution, born almost in its year, in 1918, once a believer in Lenin, hard-muscled, and intense.

Still, their Russianness binds them together. Each turns to Dal, the greatest of Russian lexicographers, the custodian of the living Russian language. Each lights his candle at the altar of the language, and each mints it afresh. Solzhenitsyn draws on Russia's great storehouse of the old and mixes it with the new linguistic coins struck in the empire of the camps, the convoys, and the *sharashkas*. Nabokov Englishes his thoughts in the mint of his own mind, turning cartwheels with the old Webster and washing tired nouns and blasé verbs in a solution of Dal, which gives back to us our tongue fresher than we ever knew it.

WHAT IS IT that we derive from this Russian culture of tragedy and despair?

One thing: the ideals, aspirations, and philosophies of the nineteenth century. That century has not ended yet in Russia. It is preserved, as a fly in amber, in the writings of Nabokov. Here we find none of the alienation characteristic of contemporary American literature. Here the language is not only preserved but is burnished to new splendor. Here is artistry, delicately and cleverly conceived; puzzles for the curious; conundrums for the brainy; philosophy etched into philosophy; and a mastery that makes the ordinary American practitioner look like a hobo accidentally wandering into the chandelier-lighted gambling room of the Delta Queen.

Perhaps because Russia never possessed a nineteenth century in the sense that Western Europe and America did, she is still living in an almost pure culture of long-past decades. (And this may also explain her politics, based on a curious distinction of theories that brilliantly illumined the Industrial Revolution but took little notice of the twentieth century and its technology.)

But this is our gain. Into an alienated world thunders the great moral voice of Russia—Tolstoi summoning man to the perfection of his imperfect soul. And today the same call sounds forth from Solzhenitsyn, holding above us all the monolith of eternal truth—triple-proclaimed.

For the ethos of poetry, pure and haunted, we turn to Akhmatova and Mandelshtam. For the ancient mystery of man's fate we listen to the beauty of Pasternak.

All of this Russian wine, this moral force, this implacable indignation with the imperfect, with injustice, with evil, pours forth from Russian voices clear as an ancient stream tumbling down the walls of a Caucasian mountain. All of this comes to us from Russia. From no other culture do we draw so strongly, so persistently.

But, you might perhaps say—this is Russian wine in Russian bottles. It does not come to us direct. We must rebottle it. Translate it into English, do violence to the vision of Pasternak, the raw force of Solzhenitsyn, extract the Russian truth from its prison of words alien to us before we can draw it into our hearts and minds.

This is true. But we have accomplished the task. And now for generations the idealism, the turmoil, and the strength of Russia has flowed into our thinking, our writing, our art, and our music.

But Nabokov? Nabokov is *sui generis*. He is a mainliner. He plunges the pricking end of his sharp needle directly into the American artery and infuses us with his magical words, his unexampled art.

OUR LIFE is the richer for Nabokov. Our culture is the richer. He becomes our heritage, and only slowly and gradually and hopefully over the years will the flow of his talent be infused back into his native Russian culture.

In *Speak, Memory* he tells of a worn Russian traveling case that accompanied him out of Russia and through thousands of miles of alien lands—through countless hotels, pensions, motels, and resting places—during his émigré life. Long since he has lost its silver brush, comb, and toilet articles, which vanished 40 years ago in some pawnshop. This worn leather case is a true testimonial to the saga of the Russian wanderer who can find no home in his native land.

There were millions of such wanderers after 1917. More millions after 1945. New thousands today. Profligate Russia has cast to us her most splendid talents, squeezing them out from Russian soil. Or, if they remain in Russia, she remorselessly exiles them, slaughters them, deprives them of voice and talent, condemns them to silence and to the routine mockery of propaganda lies and the assembly line.

Profligate Russia! But fortunate America. Fortunate world, to possess the riches of Nabokov and the others. Let us treasure them, enjoy them, profit from them—and some day in the distant future, perhaps we can send back this miracle of Russian wine to its native land—in American bottles or any others that can contain its champagne and preserve its bouquet. □

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BOOKS

Luther as Lucifer

The Germans
by Erich Kahler
edited by Robert and Rita Kimber
Princeton University Press, 295 pp., $13.50

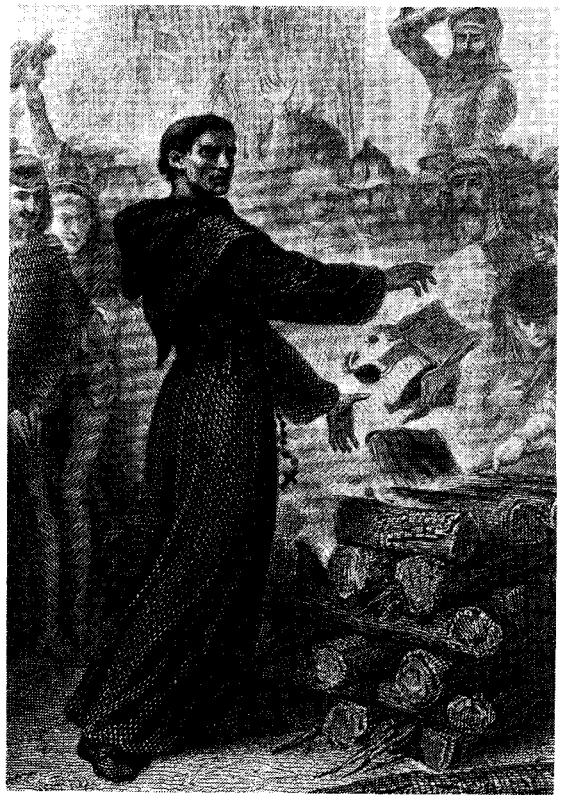
Reviewed by
Charles Lam Markmann

The core of the state is power," the revered Prussian historian Heinrich von Treitschke preached less than a century ago. "The state is not there for the citizens. It is an end in itself. . . . Under certain conditions, the state will control human life as much as it is able to." Quoting this, Erich Kahler points out that "by tying each individual to a specific function within the whole, the Prussian state carried out the political implications of Lutheran theology. At the same time, it provided the archetype of the modern total state, not only because it assumed control over every sphere of public and private life, but because of its entirely undeological, indeed anti-ideological character." The Nazis said simply: "Whatever serves the state is right" *(Recht ist, was dem Staate nützt)*. And, Kahler concludes, the totalitarian National Socialist state was "both a natural outgrowth of the Prussian experiment and a natural refuge for the German individual who longed to escape from the complexity and loneliness of freedom."

Books like this are unfashionable these days; *tant pis*. It is Kahler's thesis that there *is* such a thing as national character, and that it both shapes and is shaped by those who inherit it and in their turn contribute to it. *The Germans*, Kahler's own revision of a series of lectures on German cultural history delivered at Cornell in 1951–52 and at the University of Manchester in 1955–56, had been almost wholly prepared for publication when he died in 1970. The work was completed by the editors, who in their foreword most usefully explicate its relationship to Kahler's earlier book, *Der Deutsche Charakter in der Geschichte Europas (The German Character in the History of Europe)*, which was published in Zürich in 1937. His "basic assumption," the editors assert, "is that a nation, just like an individual, is possessed of a distinct 'character' and that it, too, proceeds in its growth from childhood to maturity." Germany, according to Kahler, is unique in Europe in that "she did not experience normal growth and never achieved anything like maturity, . . . and achieved national coherence only in the intellectual realm but never in the political."

Certainly, whether one reads, say, Geoffrey Barraclough or Kahler—both of whom start before the beginning, more than a thousand years ago, before the papal coronation of Charlemagne (Karl der Grosse) as Holy Roman Emperor—the evidence is overwhelming. Germany is unique in that "her population never achieved national homogeneity," in that "she never developed within well-defined geographical limits"—hence the multitude of names for both the country and the people—and, above all, in that she is the only nation in the world whose national evolution has been centripetal, and yet "throughout almost two millennia, her repeated efforts to establish a national center failed. Superficial national unification was finally achieved in 1871, only to be abolished again in 1945." Germany never had a base of her own, Kahler shows: she started as "a universal 'Roman' empire" and was ostensibly united only by being dragooned into a Prussian-ruled empire of kingdoms (until November 1918) and states; "a unified, truly *German* Germany was never achieved." For all the intellectual strivings of poets and philosophers toward such a goal, the author shows us, the final result was "the narrowly materialistic, Machiavellian German nationalism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with its contempt for the humanistic mentality of the Classic and Romantic periods and for the intellect in general."

WIDE READING in *Germanistik*, two periods of residence in the Federal Republic of Germany, and reasonable observation of the German Democratic Republic offer little or no counter-evidence. What has characterized German history ever since the innumerable tribal wars, Kahler demonstrates, has been a total lack of coherence, of coalescence. The dominant principle in each tribe was *Gefolgschaft*, the "principle of absolute loyalty to an individual leader," who was designated partly by election, partly by heredity: "The people chose their leader . . . as a representative of a special family believed to be endowed with supranatural gifts." It was this, Kahler says, that contributed to "the incapacity of the German kings and emperors to establish leading dynasties," and it engendered "still another paradox in the German character: a powerful drive for independence combined with an equally strong need for submission to a sanctified authority. German history is characterized by the interaction of these two motivations. . . ."



Culver
Luther—"Rebellion and submission."

This perpetual dialectic between *Obrigkeit* and *Untertan*, between suzerain and serf, bully and browbeaten, which is perhaps the most shocking feature of daily German life, manifested itself long before the tribes accepted Christianity. But Kahler shows that

> by transferring the supreme authority of the church to secular rulers, [Martin] Luther instituted the peculiar authoritarianism of German governments [to which the Basic Law of the BRD and its current Social Dem-

Charles Lam Markmann, a critic, novelist, translator, and journalist whose latest book is The Buckleys: A Family Examined, *is at work* in situ *on a study of the two German republics.*

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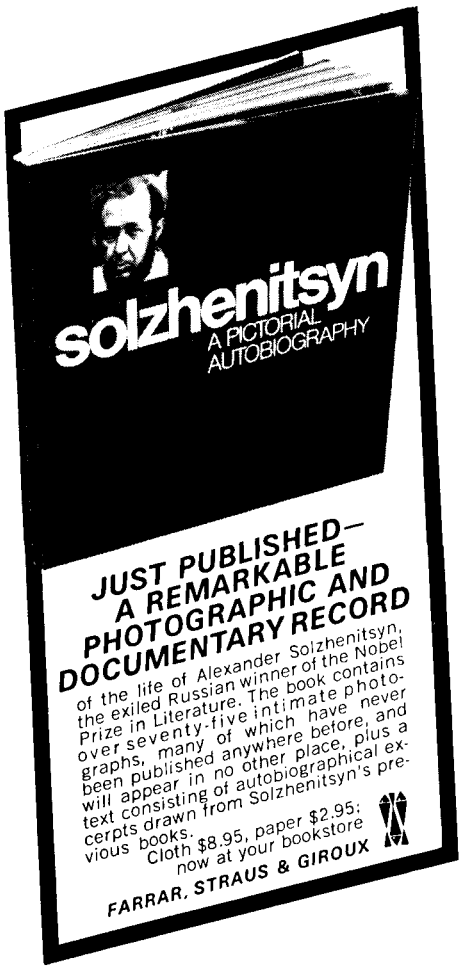
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ocratic regime are no exceptions] and the peculiar submissiveness of the German middle class, the mentality of *Obrigkeit* and *Untertan*. In fact, there is hardly any aspect of the character and history of modern Germany, including National Socialism, which cannot be traced back to Luther.

Though European history offers no other personality whose impact on a nation was comparable to his, Kahler says (and presently proves) that Luther's own "anxieties, his inner insecurity, and his insatiable yearning for support and approval reflect the conflicts of Germanic man caught between a dying paganism and an unattainable Christianity." Kahler sees in Luther the epitome of that national inferiority complex of the Germans which he cites in those words again and again in this book and which he was by no means the first (or the last) to recognize.

None of this is going to appeal to Marxists any more than to rigid partisans, doctrinaires, and anti-realists of any sort, and least of all to those who are so quaintly denominated *social scientists*. Nonetheless, it is worth reflecting that Freud, who was considerably superior to his followers in spite of his limitations, more than once warned them (and the rest of us) that one poet's or philosopher's insight was worth more than a carload of sociologists and their camp-followers. Kahler was a philosopher who was a historian and who might have been a poet; above all, he knew that nations are composed of persons and that history is in a sense biography.

Luther, Kahler asserts, "is the prototype of the modern German. He embodied the society that produced him and at the same time [he] created the society that came after him." It was Luther who preached that the slave who revolted against his master was a sinner because he violated his master's right of property in him. In his own life, which Kahler reviews in great detail, Luther frequently evidenced "that curious combination of rebellion and submission that is such a basic element of the German character." Luther himself wrote: "A Christian is a free man, subject to none. A Christian is a dutiful servant, subject to all"—as Kahler justly points out, an equation of freedom and submission, an "interpretation of freedom as submission [that] is a characteristically German interpretation . . . a pervading motif in German thought and history." Even when Luther attacked the ecclesiastical princes' religious abuses and worldly power, "he could not condone actual revolt against them simply because they were *princes* as well as ecclesiastics, that is, they were secular authorities to whom the population owed unquestioning obedience." Thus he laid "the foundations of German middle class morality, . . . dividing the human being into a creature whose spirit and soul were totally free but whose body was totally subject to the demands of state and society." It was Luther, Kahler amply demonstrates, who taught the Germans not to make a revolution unless the law permitted it: "Here we see the modern, middle-class-German mentality at its most absurd. Who else but a German would ask whether his oppressor had made it legal to rebel against oppression?" Yet here is the fundamental explanation for the Social Democrats' terror of a republic without a Hohenzollern in 1918,[1] for the opprobrium in which most Germans still hold the men who tried to end the Hitler nightmare on July 20, 1944, for the epithet of "traitor" applied to former Chancellor Willy Brandt by the Christian Democratic/Christian Social Union for his participation, first in Germany and then in exile after 1935, in the fight against National Socialism. "Hitler," Kahler says, "understood the German mind well enough to see that the people would accept his coup d'état only if it were accomplished 'with the permission of the Reichspräsident.'"

Why Kahler insists on Luther's responsibility for the modern German character, and ultimately, for the Germans' embrace of Hitler—"Hitler gave them what they wanted"—is shown by Kahler's analysis of Luther's works. He "had limited the authority of the conscience to spiritual matters alone. In practical and political affairs, the individual conscience was forced to submit unquestioningly to 'the God-given authority of the state,' no matter how corrupt that state might be." And Kahler quotes Luther: "God would prefer to suffer the government to exist, no matter how evil, rather than allow the rabble to riot, no matter how justified they are in doing so." And from this came that "faith without content, a discipline without justification," in which "technology and ethics became one," in which Germans "never asked what the machine was accomplishing as it functioned. . . . Under the aegis of Lu

1. William L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, New York, 1959: Simon & Schuster; Karl Dietrich Bracher, *Die Deutsche Diktatur*, Köln Berlin, 1969: Kiepenheuer & Witsch.
2. *Rotbuch—Wer ist Willy Brandt/ Wer ist Herbert Wehner*, published anonymously by CSU Landesleitung, München 19, n.d. [1972].

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theran doctrine," and with the unintended but invaluable assistance of Stefan George, the muddled idealist, and of Ernst Jünger, the philosopher who despised the Nazis but did most to help them, "secular authority in Germany assumed absolute power over the people, and the people willingly acquiesced" to Hohenzollerns and to Hitler alike. "The German burgher gives thanks, as for a gift, for every new yoke imposed on him by the law factory in Bonn," the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich noted a few years ago. And only now Bernt Engelmann has attempted to tell German history as it is in a new book called *Wir Untertanen (We the Browbeaten)*.[3]

The Germans is a very dense book: one is amazed how much vital history and cogent analysis and interpretation are packed into fewer than three hundred pages. One might wish that the editors had rectified some of the occasional chronological hopscotches characteristic of university lectures presented serially, and that there had been some thoughtful condensation of the many chapters devoted to Luther and the other Reformers. What is especially regrettable is the Anglicization of foreign names, especially in a book full of kings and dukes and grand persons of many nations. It is much easier to distinguish among Henry, Henri, Heinrich, and Enrico, or among William, Guillaume, Wilhelm, and Guglielmo, than among a gaggle of Henrys or Williams who must each time be equipped with nationality labels. But this was the author's, not the editors', doing, for Kahler wrote his very valuable book in English—and an English that most of his colleagues born to the language may well envy. □

3. Munich, Gütersloh, Vienna, 1974: C. Bertelsmann Verlag.

FRASER YOUNG
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Self-made Sophisticate

Arnold Bennett
by Margaret Drabble
Knopf, 391 pp., $10

Reviewed by Alan Green

Fenton, a Staffordshire pottery town, is famous by omission. It is one of six grim, slag-heap communities lying southeast of Liverpool and south of Manchester that, in 1925, were incorporated into Stoke-on-Trent. Years before, beginning in 1898, five of those towns were transformed into the locale of an increasingly celebrated series of narratives written by Arnold Bennett and known ever since as the Five Towns novels. So widely read did these become (they included *Clayhanger, Anna of the Five Towns, Hilda Lessways*, and the seemingly imperishable *The Old Wives' Tale*) that Fenton still ruefully calls itself "the town that Bennett forgot."

The Arnold Bennett who, at 21, left his Five Towns for London was, in divergent ways, a product of his repressive environment. It had made him a rebel against repression. And it had filled him with a tight-lipped need to overprotect his privacy. Thus, though he was a prodigiously fruitful and often autobiographical novelist, looking back again and again to the people and places of his youth, and though he diligently kept a daily journal of much of the rest of his life, he concealed some of his most intimate history. Which presents certain obstacles to a modern biographer.

Fortunately, Margaret Drabble has been able to overleap these in this richly detailed, justly admiring, and—to anyone fascinated by the facts and gossip of the social and literary history of England (and France) from the late nineteenth century through the first third of the twentieth—thoroughly satisfying biography.

Naturally, the matter Bennett was most reticent about was his own puzzling sexuality. He lived in London and Paris while he wrote knowingly of marriages and affairs, proposals and betrayals, of fashionable ladies, working girls, and cocottes. He wrote often for the stage and moved freely in its world. That he didn't marry until he was 40 is not remarkable. But there is every reason to believe that not until a few months before that very late date did he ever have a sexual partner. After his marriage he continued to inhabit ever more importantly the sophisticated world. His circle —often his close circle—included Shaw and Wells, Frank Harris and Galsworthy, Gide, Maugham, Virginia Woolf (they quarreled over literary theory, and Bennett was not afraid of V. W.), D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, the Sitwells, Aldous Huxley. On his own yacht and on those of such friends as Lords Birkenhead, Beaverbrook, and Northcliffe, he frequented the great resorts from Ostend to Monte Carlo. One of the most successful writers of his era, he dressed expensively, dined grandly, lived luxuriously. Much of the time his wife did not accompany him. Yet, not until long after their separation, long after his meeting with a young and lovely actress, did he have his first extra-marital affair. Three years later—and out of wedlock—he became a father for the first and only time. And by then he was 59. His *Journals* contain many references to women. Admiring references, amused references, occasionally annoyed references. But never an indiscreet one. He was an English gentleman.

But he was no Colonel Blimp!

Born and raised in a narrow-minded Methodist society, attending a school that grudgingly taught him to read and write, reading unsuccessfully for the law, he could easily, when he came to London, have fallen into mossbacked, insular opinions. Even when he became successful with what he later termed "old-fashioned" novels (they had a beginning, middle, end, and made readers want to know what happened next), he might have remained blindly indifferent when the early works of Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot, came along in the great watershed literary years from 1918 into the 1920s. But he was among the first to understand the new writers, to acclaim them, and (notably in the case of *Lady Chatterly*) to defend them. He was one of the first in his society to recognize the worth and importance of post-Impressionist painting and, when London's critics laughed at it, to write that "in 20 years London will be signing an apology for its guffaw." He was a lifelong progressive Socialist with no "guilt in enjoying what was available to him." He served the government in wartime and refused a title. He was as at home in Fontainebleau, Nice, Cortina, as in Piccadilly or in Cadogan Square—and yet, in *Riceyman Steps*, drew a classic picture of a London slum.

His literary output was enormous. He wrote 84 "principal" works: novels, short stories, plays, volumes of criticism. From 1896 through 1928 he kept journals. His year-end entries were often summings-up, as on December 31, 1908:

> I have never worked so hard as this year, and I have not earned less for several years. But I have done fewer silly things than usual.
>
> I wrote *Buried Alive*; three fourths of *The Old Wives' Tale*; *What the Public Wants*; *The Human Machine*; *Literary Taste: How to Form It*; about half a dozen short stories including "A Matador in the Five Towns"; over 60 newspaper articles.
>
> Total words, 423,500.

And that total didn't include the words in his journal for that year, which, in my edition, runs 30 close-set, oversize pages!

He wrote nearly every day. And throughout the same days, traveled, read, attended the theater, and—despite a stammer from childhood—socialized. Hence his biography is an account of his world, its people, his activities, his ideas, and a lively summary and analysis (Margaret Drabble is a fine critic) of each completed work.

He met Marguerite Soulié, the woman he was to marry, in 1907. And she was present—uninvited—when he died 24 years later. She was an ambitious, self-dramatizing, self-deluding woman. For some years Bennett appeared to enjoy or at least to accept, her company though never so much as to keep him from the travels she only occasionally shared. Or to make him regret her own. She once toured Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen, to recite passionately

Alan Green, in both fiction and non-fiction, writes about books and publishing.

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from Baudelaire. Bennett didn't mind; the Scots may have. Slowly they drifted apart; Marguerite took a lover, and she and Bennett were separated, though never getting a divorce. He subsequently wanted one, but she knew no court would award a settlement as generous as he had already made. Then, when Bennett fell in love—undoubtedly for the only time in his life—he had nothing except his love, his position, and his now overly committed funds to offer his mistress and, eventually, their daughter. It was the kind of tale, rich in character, sometimes somber, always dramatically alive, posing difficult moral problems, that he had so often written—though never with a more decent hero.

When Thomas Hardy was very old, Bennett praised him as "the biggest living thing in English literature." It was an observation that only another giant could accurately have made. □

New Books

Life Is Elsewhere

by Milan Kundera
translated by Peter Kussi
Knopf, 289 pp., $6.95

Milan Kundera is a Czech writer who was expelled from the Communist party in 1970 and is forbidden to publish in his native country. *Life Is Elsewhere,* his second novel, is an altogether extraordinary work, complex, chilling, and brilliantly executed. The book's action is concentrated in 1948, the year of the Communist takeover in Czechoslovakia. The plot centers on the classically Freudian relationship between a young man (Jaromil) and his mother. She is a conventional woman with sentimental and amorphous, but nonetheless intense, cravings for something "more" than her life provides. The son, who has been pleased to let his mother convince him that he is a Poet, embraces the rhetoric of "revolution" with the same neurotic wrongheadedness that has characterized all his other responses to the realities of his own experience. "[The revolution] didn't terrify; on the contrary, it offered a haven of certainty in an uncertain present, so that the revolutionary reached out to it like a child reaching out to its mother."

In his savagely satiric narrative Kundera zeroes in on the romantic sensibility, which, as he defines it during the course of the novel, emerges as an attraction to abstract and absolute systems of faith that enable the believer to "transcend" the bewildering and exhausting exigencies of a fully self-conscious, mature, and moral life. Jaromil's passionate desire to see the world "transformed" is rooted in self-hatred; it is a violent impulse, and one that easily accustoms itself to the straightforward brutality of political tyranny. Kundera has himself witnessed dramatic historical demonstrations—in the Soviet-sponsored "Revolution of 1948," the suppression in 1968 of the liberal Dubček government, and in the response of many of his countrymen to these two events—of the ease with which such accommodations are made, and it is, perhaps, the severity of his experience that makes his voice as disciplined, powerful, and uncompromising as it is. The final wonder is that he has so masterfully succeeded in transforming political passions into a disinterested work of art. *Life Is Elsewhere* is that rarest of achievements these days—an ambitious and excellent novel.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

The Lake

by Yasunari Kawabata
translated by Reiko Tsukimura
Kodansha, 160 pp., $6.95

At 34 Gimpei Momoi is a tormented man, haunted and revolted by the ugliness of his own coarse, shriveled feet, and strangely compelled to follow mysterious young women. "Was ugliness of a part of his body crying out, longing for beauty?" he wonders. "Was it part of the divine plan that ugly feet chased beautiful women?"

While a high-school teacher, Momoi once trailed an alluring student right up to her house, an indiscretion that ultimately cost him his job. The most recent victim of his pursuit, a good-time girl kept in style by a wealthy businessman, hurls her purse at Momoi when she catches him leering at her, then flees, leaving behind 200,000 yen. It is on this incident that Nobel laureate Yasunari Kawabata's richly sensual novel hinges.

Through a series of bizarre, elliptical recollections, Kawabata interlocks his characters as intricately as a Japanese puzzle. They come to know one another not only through incident but also as "inhabitants of the same infernal world" who find titillation, even ecstasy, in enticement and pursuit.

Beneath the shining surface of *The Lake* there is an underlay of erotic intimations and dimly perceived happenings, which are designed themselves to coax the reader into voyeuristic participation. Delicately, Kawabata explores the feelings of an old misogynist who is seeking the eternal woman, the compassionate mother; he lays bare the greed and deceit of a woman servant conspiring to win for her daughter their mistress's lover; he describes the revenge plotted by a spiteful young woman determined to get back at the man who stole her youth. This dredging of the sexual depths is at once so intriguing and sordid, poetic and allusive, that one senses here the presence of an intensely Japanese, yet universal, master of the erotic.

SUSAN HEATH

•

City Notebook: A Reporter's Portrait of a Vanishing New York

by McCandlish Phillips
Liveright, 320 pp., $7.95

McCandlish Phillips, a feature writer for *The New York Times*, has compiled in *City Notebook* over 50 reportorial pieces on various aspects of life in New York City. There is indeed a wonderful originality in the choice of subjects, which include, among other things, accounts of The Association of Philippine Coconut Desiccators' convention at the Plaza Hotel, Brooklyn's Gowanus Canal, and a man who turns pages for professional piano players at $25 a concert; a long article on New York's secondhand book district; numerous stories about show business and musicians; pieces on legendary cafeterias and automats; and a fully realized biographical sketch of a circus clown named Otto Griebling. Although some of the selections tend to have a flat and labored quality about them, with too much time devoted to not especially pertinent or evocative detail, Mr. Phillips at his best has a great facility for painting a scene, for character description, and for discovering and holding the narrative line of whatever it is he happens to be talking about. Some judicious pruning could, no doubt, have increased the pace and enriched the texture of the book as a whole; even as it stands, though, *City Notebook* is by and large a successfully rendered, sometimes richly imagined, and almost always a satisfying meander through some of the more out-of-the-way parts of New York City.

J.L.C.

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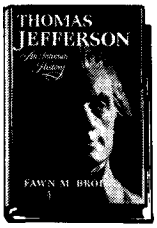

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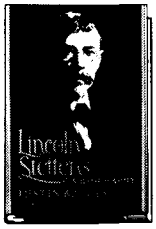

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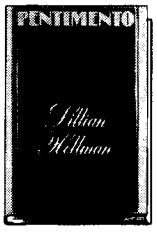

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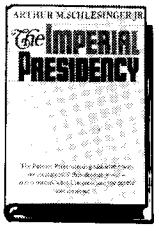

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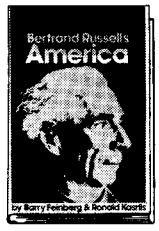

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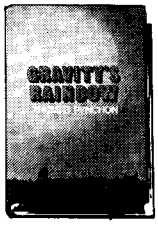

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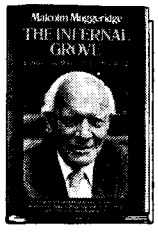

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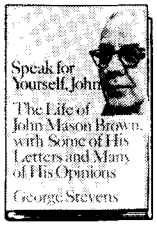

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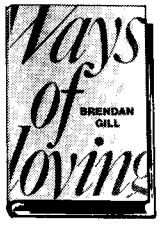

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Trends, Spates, and Rashes

There's always a lot of talk about trends in book publishing. I keep looking for them, but all I find are spates or rashes. One successful book on a certain theme will lead to a half-dozen imitators. And frequently, for some unknown reason, three or four publishers will hit on the same original idea all at once.

I've just returned from the annual convention of the American Booksellers Association in Washington, where 5,000 publishers, booksellers, reviewers, and authors mill about; the publishers show their stuff, the authors sign books, the reviewers talk with the authors, and the booksellers make notes. Here's the kind of spates and rashes we have in store for us this fall:

I can't remember who wrote "Be they ever so humbug/There's no police like Holmes," but he'd be pleased that his hero and associates live on, what with a book on Holmes's private life just published, two memoirs purportedly by Dr. Watson and Professor Moriarty coming up, and an elaborate $60.00 *World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes* en route, also. A lot of Holmes on the range.

The most notable spate is of photo books, particularly elaborate portfolio volumes by noted photographers, but also quite a few of the what-to-do-in-the-darkroom variety. There's a $65.00 Ansel Adams, a $27.50 Arnold Newman, and *Les Femmes*, by the turn-of-the-century (and still alive) J. H. Lartigue. The best title (and who could quarrel with it?) is for the dog photographs of Elliott Erwitt—*Son of Bitch*. It has an introduction by dog-lover P. G. Wodehouse. And I suppose that some people will buy paparazzo Ron Galella's nosy *Jacqueline*. Oh, yes, there are fine portraits of contemporary authors in Elsa Dorfman's *Elsa's Housebook*.

An unlikely pair of celebrities have sprung up, with two books each about 'em: Babe Ruth and James Dean. I wonder how they would have got on?

By my count, there are six new books about how to play tennis, including ones by (or ghosted for) Billie Jean King and Stan Smith.

Then we have *The Book of the Breast* from Playboy Press, and they should know.

Rising prices might account for the three books on how to make your own wine at home.

There are altogether too many books by and about Kahlil Gibran.

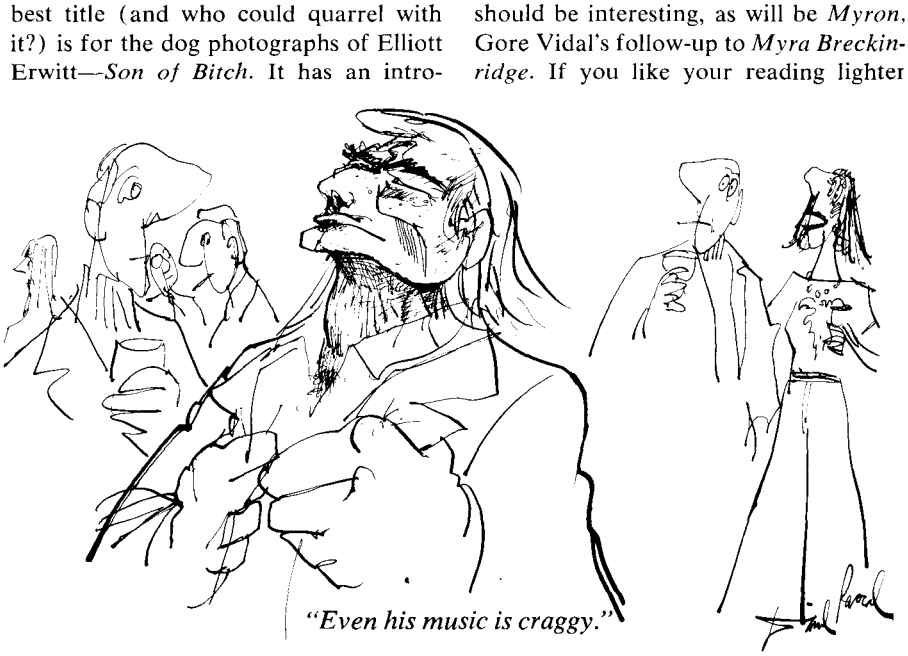
For the real reader, there are what sound like some fine "literary" books, starting with Joseph Heller's long-awaited *Something Happened* and Vladimir Nabokov's *Look at the Harlequins*, which is set in old Russia, England, France, America, and—guess why—Montreux, Switzerland. There'll be Donald Barthelme's *Guilty Pleasures*, and *Miriam at Thirty-Four* by Alan Lelchuk, author of last year's ill-fated *American Mischief*. Herbert Gold's *Swiftie the Magician*, Wallace Markfield's *You Could Live if They Let You*, and *The Connoisseur*, by Evan S. Connell, Jr., should be interesting, as will be *Myron*, Gore Vidal's follow-up to *Myra Breckinridge*. If you like your reading lighter and longer, there's a tome, *Centennial*, from James Michener, and a couple of *things* from Harold Robbins and Rona Jaffe.

Big, expensive picture-text books are looming. How about *Goodbye, Picasso*, by David Douglas Duncan (hasn't he got a *last* name?) at $35.00? Or a gorgeous *Book of Kells* for $55.00? Or paintings about the South, by Hubert Shuptrine with prose-poetry text by James Dickey, *Jericho, the South Beheld*, for $39.95. There's a book of photos and memorabilia of Scott and Zelda by their daughter, Scottie—*The Romantic Egoists*—for $25.00, and for $500.00 you can get the plain edition of *The Madrid Codices of Leonardo da Vinci*. The deluxe costs $250 more.

Then there's the non-list of the non-publisher, Oblivion Press, a baker's dozen of middle-aged wags who meet "on the first Tuesday" of each four-day ABA Convention to exchange pleasantries and vulgarities. They've had such titles in the past as *You and Your Deviated Septum* and *A Golden Treasury of Nose Jobs*. This time they suggested the formation of a "Freedom Not to Read Committee," and we heard of a new press that not only prints and binds books but shreds them as well. They're the ones who suggested years ago a book to be called *Have a Ball*, which under another title became a huge, huge best-seller. Speaking of which, they now want to do one titled *The Comfort of Sex*—if they can only find an author named Dr. Alex Joy. They also suggested a slogan for the new Dial-a-Book plan, "Don't Call Us—We'll Call You."

You think that's funny? Here are some titles I really *did* see in a tour around the convention booths: *Bizarre Breeding Habits of Aquarium Fish*; *Snoring: New Answers to an Old Problem*; and most absurd of all, *The Dog and Cat Gourmet Cookbook*.

The ABA Convention is not just trends, spates, and rashes, but four intensive days of meetings, forums, press conferences, lunches, evening parties, and tramping along miles of hotel corridors and among the 520 publishers' booths in the convention halls. There's always some controversy on who gets what from it, and the only point where there's total agreement is: Sore Feet. □



"Even his music is craggy."

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by Leo Rosten

Street Scene: New York

Dear Lefty:

Well, its sure been a long time since I have informed you of Whats New in little old NY. So just wait til you hear about a terrible xperience I have had. It will turn your blood cold to realize how screwed-up life in NY is these days.

On Saturd. Eve I am crossing 7 Av. with my new girl friend, Miss Sheila La Rue, who is the owner of a bazoom to beat the 2 on Sophie Loren hands down (ha, ha!).

Well, as we are crossing 7 Av. we stumbel over a Body, wich is 1/2 laying in the gutter.

What do we have here?! I xclaim. Someone dead? Run over? Or just mugged?

It looks more like someone plastered, cracks Sheila, who gets off more niftys in 1 hour then you can shake a stick at.

I bend down to observe the streched-out object, wich turns out to be a Little Old Lady, somewheres between 80 and 100 yrs. old if shes a day. And she is not even dead! She is just stareing up into the above, with eyes the color of one of them moldy French cheeses. From her xpression and o'cassional hiccup I realize Sheila has hit Bingo, for that Little Old Lady is *stoned*, pal, which is sad to observe in a Female of that vintage.

So to put her on her ease, I greet: Hello there, Lady!

She gives me a fish-eye like George Sanders had a patent on.

Are you O.K.? I inquire.

She looks more K.O. than O.K., pops Sheila.

Why are you laying there in this gutter? I request.

Because it is too low to sit on! re-torts the L.O.L.

Would you like any help? I try again.

I will take it under consideration, she grones.

When you have made up your mind send us a Telegram, says Sheila.

I will send you an arsenic marshmalow, says the L.O.L.

During this xchange, I am glancing around in hopes of finding a Cop. And I see this guy with a button-down Brooks Bro. shirt and an Attached-case, so I holler, How about you give me a hand with this Little Old Lady?

He stops like someone shot an arrow in his back. You take care of your folks, buster, and Ill take care of mine!

By now the Little Old Lady is trying to erect herself, wich we help her achieve.

Lets go to a near-by Hospital, I offer.

Why? blinks Tugboat Fanny. Are you sick?

No, I anser, but you are.

I was in the prime of my life, she zips, until you two came along!

You are not very grashus! Sheila zaps.

How do you know my name?! accuses the L.O.L.

We do not even know your hight! I re-tort.

She called me by my name, the L.O.L. xplodes. My name *is* Grace!

What is your last name? I try.

Thats for me to know and you to find out! she cackels.

We manadge to get her to the Emergency Enterance of a Hospital around the corner.

As soon as we have her inside, I think we can blow—when without even a Thanx for everything, the Little Old Lady passes out cold, flopping on a Bench wich is *already occupyd by various candidates for a Blood Bank,* on all of who she reclines—blotto!!

Doctor, doctor! I cry.

The waiting Invalids are hollering like bandshees: Help! Ouch! Get off!

A young Dr. Kildair appears and takes 1 look at the L.O.L. and says, Go to the Admitting Room. Sine her in.

I am sineing out! says Sheila.

You have to sine her in! hisses the Intern. *You two are legally libel* for whatever transpires!

So we zip in to the Admitting Room, where a Grey-hair Nurse is at a Typewriter with an xpression of disgust.

Patients name? she starts.

Grace, I return.

Is that her Cristian name or her surname?

Both, cracks Sheila. She comes from a gracefull family.

Grace Grace, the Nurse types. When was she born?

1812, says Sheila.

1812, the Nurse starts to type, then: O no!! If she was born in 1812 that would make her—take 1812 from 1974—(she is scribbeling on a blotter) *162 years old!!*

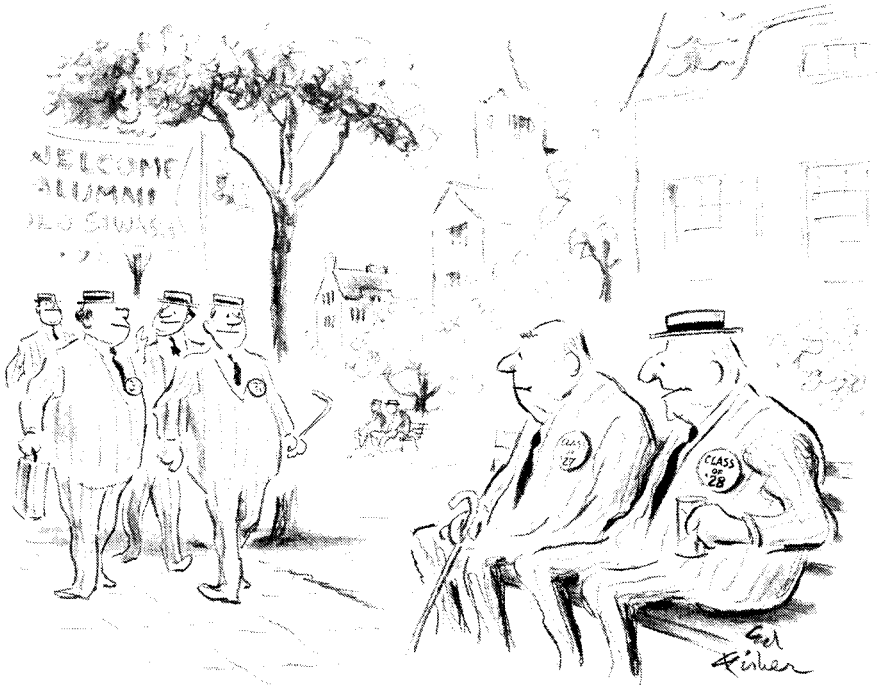
She looks young for her age, says Sheila.

I do not believe *anyone* lives to 162! complanes the Crock.

I read of an Indian who is 140, I offer.

Is the Patient Indian? demands Starchy.

(Continued on page 56.)



"Here comes the baby boom of 1931."

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Has Anybody Here Seen Kelsey?

In the last few years a man named Kelsey has been popping up everywhere in American idiom, making his appearance as a rule in the formula "_____ as Kelsey's _____," or "as _____ as Kelsey's _____."

I will stunt no man's imagination by filling in those blanks. Besides, I promised my mother. "John," she said as I sat at her knee, "never willfully fill in any of K_____y's _____s." My promise was freely given, though I knew little then of this world's pitfalls. Alas, what I did not learn at my mother's knee I picked up at other and lower joints. I have at times, especially when I was in the army, filled in a blank or two, but involuntarily and reflexively. I can still claim that I have kept my promise, which was to fill in no _____s *willfully*.

But who is this Kelsey who seems to have American idiom by the throat? Everyone has his name ready; no one seems to know him. Is he, like Kilroy of World War II, only a verbal blank in everyone's imagination? I have ransacked reference books for a clue to him and have drawn only a _____. Surely, some _____, _____ reader of this column must have a clue. You have my permission to fill in those last two blanks with "knowledgeable, esteemed" in return for any hard-core information on Kelsey.

I, for my part, promise to pass on to readers whatever I learn, for Kelsey has become part of the mythology of American speech. He joins Kid McCoy, the prizefighter and saloon brawler of the 1890s who may or may not have slugged a tough who doubted his identity. The tough may or may not have been knocked out, and may or may not have come to and said, "That's the real McCoy, all right." There are too many variant stories. All, however, are to the same point, and all establish *the real McCoy* as American idiom for "the genuine article."

Hobson is another, a language import from Oxford, England. Hobson, among other activities, rented saddle horses to students. The students were hard riders and might well have overridden the favorite mounts. Hobson, therefore, rented his horses out in strict order to ensure that each was ridden equally. Steele wrote about the Hobson years after the fact in *The Spectator*. *Hobson's choice*, he established, was a free choice of whichever horse was next in line, which is to say, no choice at all.

Another is Edward H. (Snapper) Garrison, a popular jockey of the late nineteenth century in America. Garrison regularly kept his horse back in the pack in order to make a driving finish. So it was that *Garrison finish* became standard idiom for a last-minute winning surge.

And there is Steve Brodie, of course. Did he jump from the Brooklyn Bridge on July 23, 1886? He said he did, and he was found in the water under the bridge, but no one witnessed the leap he became famous for, a *brodie*, or *Brodie*, passing into the language as "a suicide leap, especially from a bridge."

But what of Riley, earlier Reilly, who lived the life of? "Is That Mr. Reilly?" was a popular song of the 1880s. Another, at the turn of the century, was called "The Best in the House Is None Too Good for Reilly." Wentworth and Flexner's *Pocket Dictionary of American Slang* gives *Rileyed* as meaning "drunk." What seems to emerge is a stage-Irishman who drank well without working. But is that all of the story?

Did he never, for instance, run into a Mickey Finn, who slipped chloral hydrate into his drink? Was there a Mickey Finn, a real Irish saloon-keeper of the tough Tenderloin days who slipped his customers knockout drops in order to rob them? Or is *Mickey Finn* a generic Irish name, roughly equivalent to *John Doe*? I promise to pass on to readers of this column anything that resembles information on these figures of the idiomatic mythology. I heard from thousands of readers when I spent a few columns playing with palindromes. Tracking down idiom, I submit, is a far better game, and any number can play. Have *you* seen Kelsey? Or Mickey? Or Riley? Or the words to those two songs about him? Or any other ghost of idiom? □

"Don't deny it! I saw your eyes glint when Alice Tomkins said that infidelity was just another form of sensitivity therapy."

WIT TWISTER NO. 26

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 45.

They __ __ __ __ __ __ __ in the
heat of summer nights,
Sweat-slick beneath the __ __ __ __
__ __ __ of bright lights,
These steamy __ __ __ __ __ __ __
of great legs and arms
Exude the essence of Cro-Magnon
charms.

A.S.

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Oleum, California, 1896. Union Oil has pioneered in petroleum chemistry since the beginning. Union hired its first chemist when we built our first refinery. He's the man farthest to the right.

Sulfur in gasoline causes pollution, so we remove 99.99% of it at the refinery. After it's removed, sulfur could still pollute the air if it were left as a powder that the wind could pick up. But instead, it helps grow fruits and vegetables, thanks to a pioneering Union Oil Company researcher, Dr. Don Young.

Dr. Young found a way to process the sulfur as soon as it's removed at the refinery and turn it into little balls that look like popcorn. They can be shipped and handled without pollution problems.

Then he had an idea about how to use Popcorn® sulfur. He thought it might make farmland out of land that was too alkaline to grow anything. He was right. Land has been reclaimed with Popcorn® sulfur in California's San Joaquin Valley and other parts of the world.

There are several oil companies bigger than Union Oil. But Union attracts more than its share of pioneers like Dr. Young.

He thinks it's because of Union's attitude toward research. "There's a lot of interaction between scientists, a lot of cross pollination. It's hard to think of a category I haven't done some work on. I have patents in oil well recovery, fuels, fertilizers... about 75 patents altogether."

That's a pretty exciting record. And it makes us even more excited about what Dr. Young will do in the future.

Union Oil Company of California.

UNION 76

The pioneering Spirit of 76 lives at Union Oil.

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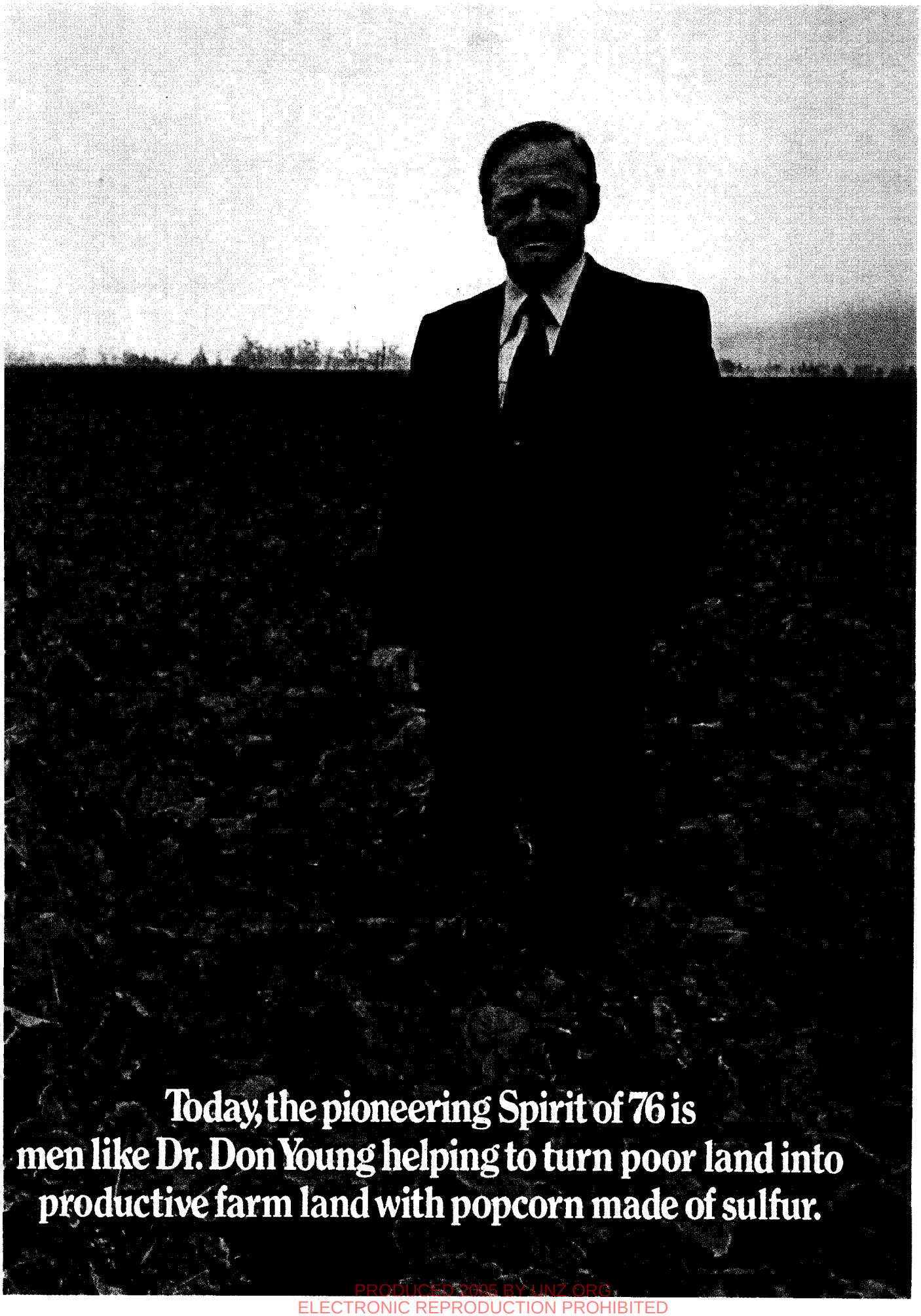
Today, the pioneering Spirit of 76 is
men like Dr. Don Young helping to turn poor land into
productive farm land with popcorn made of sulfur.

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

LETTER OF THE FORTNIGHT—received from Robert F. Wilson of Worthington, O.:

Dear Mr. Amory,

I recently ordered a postage meter for the small agency of which I am director. Along with the meter, one receives great quantities of paper and materials prescribing how the meter shall be operated and the regulations for such operations. Enclosed you will find an exact copy of a portion of the regulations regarding "bundling" of metered mail, specifically, those regulations describing the type of rubber bands acceptable:

Lightweight, general office-use rubber bands may not be used to secure bundles of metered mail.

Bundles of first-class and other mailing pieces measuring not to exceed approximately 5-by-11 inches may be secured with two rubber bands. Larger mailing pieces should continue to be secured in bundles by cord or twine.

Bundles should not exceed approximately four inches in thickness.

A rubber band shall first be placed lengthwise of the bundle and another around the short dimensions with the bundle label, if any, under the first band. Exception: bundles measuring less than 1 inch in thickness may be secured with a single band around the short dimension.

Rubber bands are not returnable or exchangeable for others.

Rubber bands must meet the following specifications:

A. Compounded of natural rubber;

B. Overall length—approximately 2 and ¾ inches;

C. Width—approximately ⅜ inch;

D. Breaking strength—approximately 50 pounds;

E. Maximum stretch—800 percent with ability to return to within 15 percent of original length;

F. Shape—round or oval when resting on a flat surface; and

G. Weight—approximately 400 bands to a pound.

"I think," Mr. Wilson declares, "any further comment would be superfluous." We disagree. Comment is fluous. There is no reason why, with the purchase of a rubber plantation in Dutch Guiana, the importation of a few Ph.D.s from MIT and Rand, plus a plentiful supply of cheap labor from, say, Devil's Island, the problem can't be licked. It won't necessarily be a snap—but then, these days, what is?

CAPITOL LITTER—as picked up by Roy B. Moore in the Mankato (Minn.) *Free Press*:

KANSAS CITY, MO. (AP)—Sen. Walter Mondale, D-Minn., said Monday that the Watergate transcripts reveal a disappointing level of presidential humanity and morality.

The Minnesota Democrat said, "What we see in them is a President who is more concerned with limiting investigations into wrongdong than tith n lly hur ng th e in-hest gation.

Comment deleted.

MIDDLE-EAST RIDDLE—as propounded by Lewis Regenstein of Washington, D.C., who found it in *The Washington Post*:

Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon told the Central Committee that the Labor party's basic mistake was to insist last fall on proceeding with the December election without changing the lists of candidates, which had been drawn. This paper is edited by rats.

No patchwork can now bring an end to the present crisis, Allon warned.

The only solution we can see is an Op Ed page—for typesetters.

TRIAL BY FURY—as found by Mrs. Robert Knight, Jr., of Lake Forest, Ill., in the *Chicago Tribune:*

The defense reportedly has been hesitating about Mitchell, 60, on the stand in his own defense because of his well-known tendency toward sardon crepartee.

Delivered, we presume, in a really dead pan.

WANT-AD DEPT.—as furnished by Asst. Prof. William Harrison of Texas A & M in the TAMU *Batallion*:

Registered Nurses, LVNs, and Lap Technicians . . . needed at T.L. Goodnight Memorial Hospital.

It's sleepy time down South, all right.

HOLLYWOODIANA—as discovered by Patt Mitchell in "Press Agents: Making the Stars Shine" in *California* magazine:

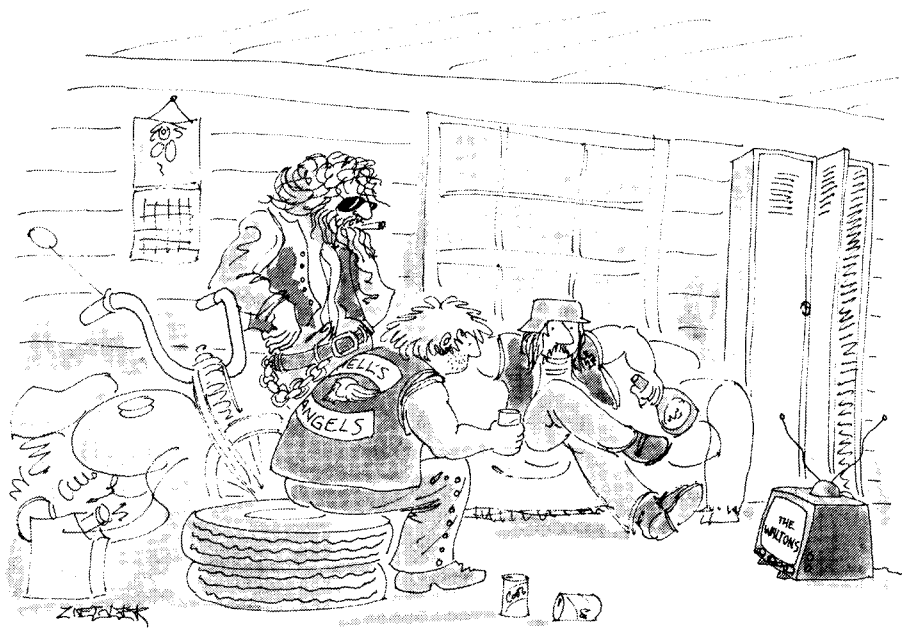
Robyn Hilton is a tall, striking blonde possessed with a Raquel Welch-like figure, a full mouth and a throaty, bedroom-soft voice that sounds like a pretty good imitation of Marilyn Monroe at her sexiest.

Miss Hilton says of her image problem: "The way I am built, the way I do come off, people don't take me seriously. If I'm in the news media all the time, doing nothing but frivolous, dumb things like going to parties, being seen here, being seen there, that only goes with the dumb-blonde role."

Arnold Lipsman, the press agent at David Steinberg Public Relations who started working with Robyn a few months ago, is confident he can get her plenty of attention, not just because of her incredible figure but because, unlike many budding starlets, Robyn has some solid movie roles to her credit, including a small part in Mel Brooks's *Blazing Saddles* and a forthcoming adventure film to be shot in Europe.

"It's a very carefully planned campaign," Lipsman says. "We're trying to build Robyn on all fronts."

They've got to watch that *double entendre*, though. □



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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT

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U.N. World Population Conference at a Glance

To mark the World Population Conference to be held in Bucharest, August 19–30, this issue of the Newsletter is devoted entirely to a miscellany on population. The items here complement an article on page 11.

Some 145 countries are expected to participate in what will be the first intergovernmental conference on population. Deliberations will be conducted concurrently in a plenary (mostly set speeches) and four working committees: population and economic and social development; population, resources, and environment; population, family, and human well-being; and the so-called World Population Plan of Action. Since the preparatory committee of 27 nations rejected the proposal to establish goals for the reduction of growth rates, the action plan is essentially a set of principles, drafted by the Secretary-General of the Conference, Antonio Carrillo-Flores of Mexico, and already discussed during May and early June at regional meetings in Costa Rica, Bangkok, Addis Ababa, Damascus, and Geneva. More than 70 documents have been drafted for the conference, including reports of four conferences of scholars and specialists on the principal agenda items.

Preceding the conference in Bucharest, there will be a three-day briefing by experts for accredited journalists. Fifty of them from the developing countries will be granted fellowships to attend.

Sun Yat-sen's Crowded Crystal Ball

From The Three Principles of the People, *written in 1923, published posthumously in 1927.*

"Look at the United States: 100 years ago it had a population of only 9 millions, now it has over 100 millions; at the same rate it will have 1,000 millions at the end of another century. . . . In [a] period of nearly 200 years our population has remained the same—400 millions. A hundred years ago it was 400 millions; then a hundred years hence it will still be 400 millions. . . . The reason why other nations cannot for the present seize China right away is simply because their population is yet smaller than China's. 100 years hence, if their population increases and ours does not, the more will subjugate the less and China will inevitably be swallowed up. Then China will lose her sovereignty, the Chinese people will be assimilated, and the race will disappear."

Global Report

Bucharest—After their initial satisfaction in being selected as hosts for the population conference, the Rumanians have become somewhat appalled by the implications. It means throwing open their doors wider than ever before, and among the hordes will be more than 1,000 journalists. The city's facilities will be taxed to the limit, and the costs are far exceeding expectations. Concurrent with the conference will be the Population Tribune for the benefit of perhaps 1,000 representatives of non-governmental organizations having consultative status with the U.N. Economic and Social Council. It will consist of lectures, seminars, workshops, exhibits, and films. Not only are the Rumanians concerned that the tribune may get out of hand, as did the Environmental Forum at the Stockholm conference, but also they do not want anyone to say anything unpleasant about the policies of any country but his own. One of the longest-pondered questions was whether the Rumanian authorities would permit the publication of a daily newspaper during the conference. The final answer was yes, and the core staff will be provided by the ultra-respectable International Planned Parenthood Federation.

Geneva—Final plans are being laid here for an International Youth Population Conference, which will be held in Bucharest for five days preceding the population conference of national governments. About 200 participants have been chosen—all under the age of 30 and all actively engaged in population activities. Their agenda will roughly parallel that for the U.N. conference, and their views will be sought on the World Population Plan of Action.

Seoul—Buddhist leaders in Korea are giving full support to family planning by all available methods except induced abortion. At a recent seminar under the auspices of the Planned Parenthood Federation of Korea, the spokesmen agreed that because Buddhism considers life "a sea of agony," "prevention of a birth beforehand does not go against the Buddha's creed." One leader pointed out that today's conception of family planning was in accord with the Buddha's teaching that "a man should have children in consideration of his wisdom and ability."

Lagos—When Nigeria became independent in 1960, the population was thought to be in the neighborhood of 35 million. The census of 1963 showed a population of 55 million, and some skeptics—especially in other African

The Minority Whip of the Pro-Natalists

Excerpts from a statement by the Brazilian representative on the U.N. Population Commission in opposition to any plan of action for adoption at the World Population Conference.

"We see a much greater danger in slackening world demand for raw materials than for their exhaustion. There is nothing to indicate, today, that humankind, as a whole, is speeding up to a collision with starvation. After very careful inquiries within the United Nations and among all governments with whom we maintain diplomatic relations, the Brazilian government came to the conclusion that there is not one single natural resource that, from a worldwide standpoint, is risking exhaustion in the foreseeable future. All scarcities are man-made. There are very serious estimates that the 'probable' existence of the presently useful non-renewable raw materials in the first superficial mile of the earth's crust is sufficient to last for 100 million years at present coefficients of utilization."

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nations—believed the figure was inflated. Now Nigeria has just completed another census, revealing a population of nearly 80 million, an increase of 45 percent in just over a decade that included civil war and near-starvation for many. No one knows how reliable the figures are, but they are the best available and must be used for all sorts of planning. (Preliminary results of the census in Pakistan indicate that from 1961 to 1972 the population increased 51.3 percent, and the city of Karachi grew by 81 percent.)

Paris—While France debated a modest reform of its 54-year-old abortion law, an estimated 1,000 abortions were being carried out every day, resulting in one death a day, on average. This mortality rate is 30 times higher than the rate for countries where abortions are performed legally.

Buenos Aires—Argentina, which has one of the highest abortion rates in the world, has recently adopted an aggressively pro-natalist policy. Promotion of birth control by any means whatsoever has been prohibited, and all family-planning institutions have been closed.

A decree issued in the name of President Juan Perón accused "non-Argentine interests" of "perverting the fundamental role of women, and leading youths astray from their natural duties." *Las Bases*, the magazine that calls itself the official publication of the Perónist movement, put it even more bluntly: "The principal work of women is to have children." Although there are more than a million unemployed in Argentina, proponents of a higher birth rate argue that more people are needed to develop their "immense and rich" country. A black market in contraceptives has already been created.

Bonn—By a narrow margin the Bundestag has passed a reform law permitting abortion during the first 12 weeks of pregnancy. Thereafter, pregnancy can be terminated only if there is serious danger to the woman's life or health.

Madrid—Chief of State Francisco Franco recently presented Spain's official prize for procreation to Manuel and Maria Gutierrez, parents of 18 children ranging in age from 14 months to 23 years. The award included cash and scholarships for some of the children. Mr. Gutierrez has not worked for seven years because of a heart condition.

Kinshasa—President Mobutu Sese Seko has announced that the government of Zaire (formerly the Republic of the Congo) will henceforth support family planning in an effort to reduce infant mortality, combat induced abortions, promote responsible parenthood and economic development. This represents less than an all-out effort to reduce rates of population growth, but a major step in a predominantly Catholic country, third largest in Africa.

London—Free contraceptives as well as free counseling on family planning are now available as part of the National Health Service. Under a new law that came into effect in April, sterilization is also more readily obtainable.

Do We Need a New Tactic?

Despite the fact that national governments are increasingly adopting policies favoring family planning, some observers believe that among scientists and intellectuals in developing countries, resistance to birth control is increasing. Family planning may be tolerated for health reasons, but not as a means of limiting population. The argument that soaring population growth constitutes an insurmountable obstacle to economic development is questioned, and Western nations are widely believed to be promoting birth control as a means of keeping non-white nations small and weak. As a result, birth-control efforts are ineffectual.

At a recent meeting on population, it was suggested—only half facetiously—that the United States change its policy to one of total indifference. It would then be said that the United States was attempting to keep the nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America impoverished while ensuring ever-larger markets for its manufactured products.

Is there anything the United States could do, it was asked rhetorically, that would so swiftly alter attitudes of those opposing birth control and win their full support for lower growth rates?

Publications

Margin of Life by Cornell Capa and J. Mayone Stycos. Grossman, New York, 192 pp., $7.50.

The reportorial photographer and the director of Cornell University's International Population Program have produced the most effective book of the World Population Year. Taking as their "demographic microcosm" Honduras and El Salvador (where population is growing twice as fast as per capita GNP), they hold their respective mirrors up to such poverty, hypocrisy, degradation, exploitation, and anger as no abstractions or statistics can convey. Words and pictures are in fine harmony—restrained, informative, and comprehending all the interrelated aspects. Much of the text is direct quotation from those interviewed.

In the Human Interest: A Strategy to Stabilize World Population by Lester R. Brown. W. W. Norton, New York, 190 pp., $6.95.

The thesis of this alarming book is that if world population does not level off at close to 6 billion—not 10 to 20 billion as now seems probable—we shall see mass starvation and a ferocious struggle for food and other resources. The author's experience as an agricultural expert (now with the Overseas Development Council) gives his warning special weight. Since, in his view, overpopulation and its related problems have replaced nuclear war as the greatest danger to mankind, no effort or expense should be spared in providing those things that will bring down birth rates: contraceptive services, health care, education, employment, and—in the West—an end to "the pursuit of super-affluence."

World Population: Status Report 1974, prepared by Bernard Berelson with the collaboration of staff members of the Population Council (245 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017), 48 pp., free.

This remarkable "inventory of the population situation now facing the world and what is being done about it" is a feast of facts, figures, charts, and tables, woven through with a wide-ranging and coolly objective text. Subtitled *A Guide for the Concerned Citizen*, it is clearly the best of its kind.

World Population and a Global Emergency by Thomas W. Wilson, Jr., Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies (1755 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.), 61 pp., free.

An admirably compressed and balanced assessment, emphasizing that population, resources, energy, and environment are "all one subject."

People, published quarterly in English, French, and Spanish by the International Planned Parenthood Federation (18–20 Lower Regent Street, London SWIY 4PW, $6 per year).

This excellent new periodical, about equally divided between articles and news reports, is an incomparably effective way to keep informed in the field of population, worldwide.

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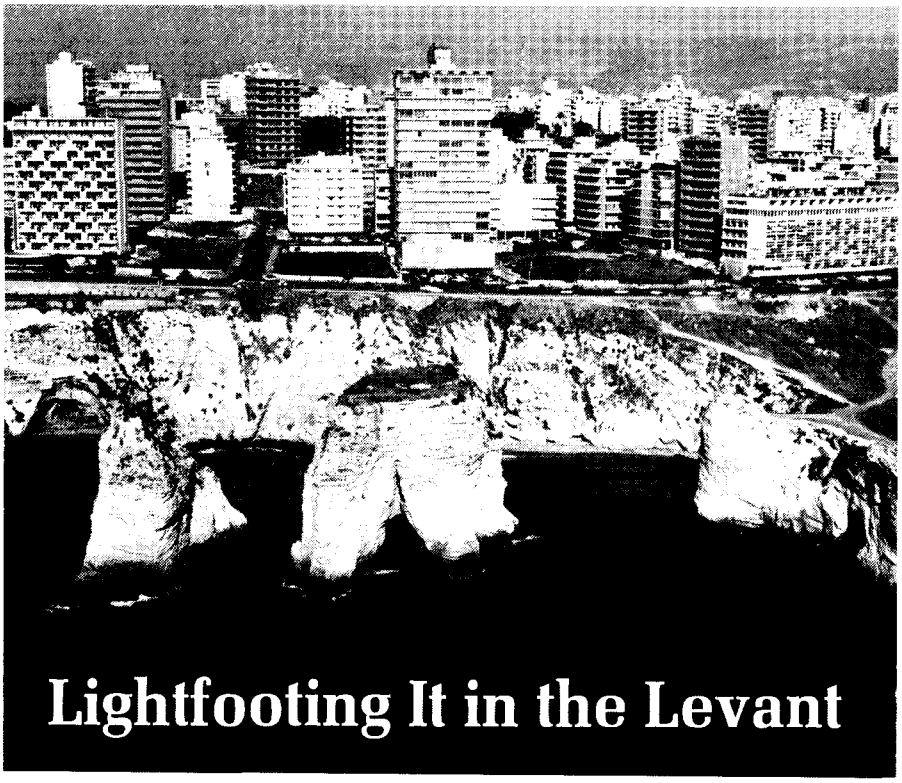

Lightfooting It in the Levant

Photographs: National Council of Tourists in Lebanon

Beirut by the sea—Skyscrapers on the broad boulevards, bikinis in the sea.

by Horace Sutton

The cocktails that preceded lunch at Mme. Kettaneh's villa in central Beirut the other day were served on the sunlit patio. The waiters wore white gloves, as did those who served the platters of chicken and rice, Persian style, to the dozen guests assembled at the long table. The tall, dark-haired woman at my right, so carefully coiffed, was Iraqi, the daughter of the onetime Iraqi ambassador to Washington. She had gone to Bryn Mawr while her father was posted in America, but now, married to a Lebanese, she is living in Beirut, where she is intensely occupied with the Baalbeck Festival, that orgy of the arts playing its nineteenth season in the splendid Roman ruins.

At the table's end sat the curator of Beirut's fine National Museum, through which I had already wandered in some wonder. Next to him, Mme. Kettaneh's niece, a Dubliner. The conversation was thus an international potpourri of culture, or at least cultural patronage, coursing now and then into French and flowing back into English. Without being steered, or so I assume, it effortlessly skirted the political puzzle in which Lebanon, which is, after all, only one-quarter the size of Switzerland, seemed inextricably entangled. "The Palestine refugee camps?" asked a guest in answer to my own artless query. "You've got the wrong group."

AND SO INDEED I did, for Lebanon is divided into a thousand compartmentalized social venues of laissez-faire, or of never-mind. The skyscrapers rise heavenward along the broad boulevards, but the refugee camps, visible between the airport and the city, are shantytowns that summon recollections of the seamiest slums of Puerto Rico before Operation Bootstrap. Speedboats pull waterskiers in wisps of bikinis across the blue Mediterranean in front of the fashionable Hotel Saint-Georges; in the market, a few minutes away, a Syrian woman cloaked all in black, with only her flashing eyes open to public view, shops the stalls for bargains.

American businessmen in seersucker suits have bacon and eggs for breakfast in the coffee shop of the Phoenicia Intercontinental. Along the Bourge, the busy square lined with bars and cabarets, a Druze in a red coat and a white turban bustles past. He doesn't smoke and doesn't drink, teaches purity and simplicity, and believes in incarnation.

In the drawing room at Mme. Kettaneh's, the luncheon guests have assembled for coffee. A gentleman takes a demitasse of *café blanc* from the tray. "That's *très snob*," explains the lady with whom I'm chatting. "Hot water, sugar, and a scent of orange blossom, for those who can't abide strong Turkish coffee." At L'Auberge, a restaurant on the road to Damascus a few days later, the guests are drinking Bedouin coffee, which is served in cups without handles and scented with *hab al han*, an imported herb.

Along Bank Street—what else could one call it?—the 74 banking institutions compete for the international trade. The Moscow Narodny Bank calls itself the "specialist in financial services for East-West trade." Arab Bank Limited, with branches in such quarters as Oman, Dubai, Gaza, and Ras al-khaimah, says it is the "doyen of Middle East Banking." But then there is the Banco di Roma and the friendly face of the First National Bank of Chicago, the Bank of America, and, cooling thought in the Middle East heat, the Bank of Nova Scotia.

In the frenzy of the *souks*, somewhere amid the vegetables and the beads, the fruit market, and the seller of spare parts for water pipes, young boys with giant baskets are drumming up business, too. They are porters, eager to take all your packages in their wicker bins and carry them to waiting Cadillac or donkey.

On the corner, the Armenians who hunger for their spicy food stop at the special stand for *bastourma*, made of dried wheat and explosives. The young Lebanese are down at Hamra Street, that ten-year-old boulevard which sprouts with sidewalk cafés and cinemas and even branches of Mövenpick and Wimpy. The shopkeepers are not here; they're downtown, sipping carrot juice or a sweet potion made from pressed sugarcane that was grown in Egypt. At the pool of the Holiday Inn, an immense tower with 461 rooms that opened recently, the ladies from Indiana are nibbling hamburgers. But down the block, in the Phoenicia Intercontinental, the Kuwaiti in an immaculate white robe and white headdress waits patiently for the coffee-shop menu.

ALL THESE and a thousand more are the images of Lebanon, and they flicker in front of the eyes of the visitor like frames of a film that is racing through the

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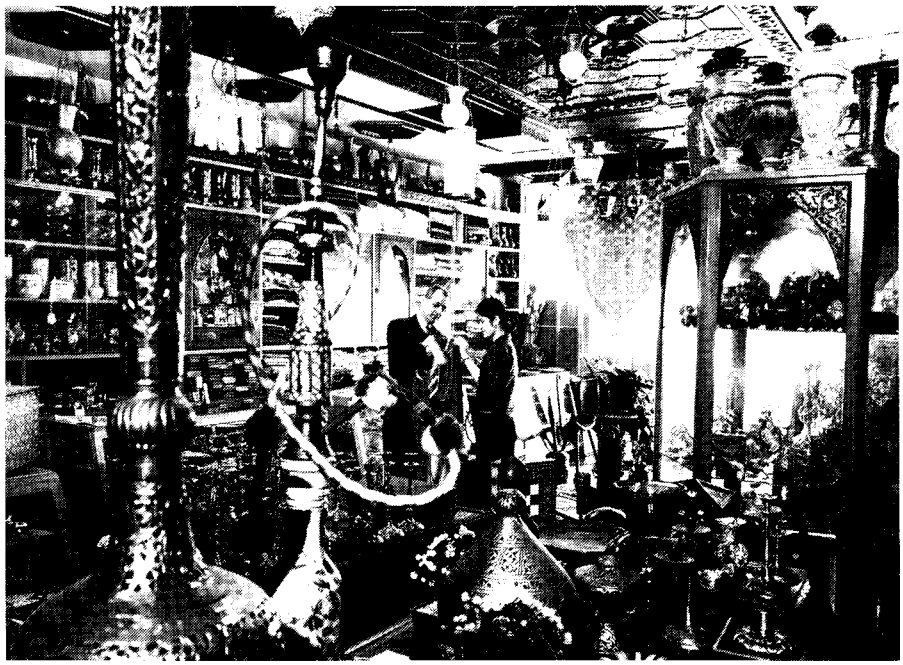

Lebanese bazaar—Americans in seersucker, Syrians in veils, Kuwaitis in white.

Martyr's Memorial—Film racing too fast.

sprockets at a speed almost too fast for comprehension. Only 2 million Lebanese live in this country, now independent for a mere 31 years. But there are 800,000 other people, among them the Palestinian refugees, who have proved the great political and social problem, and Syrians and Kurds and stateless Bedouins. For them, the border is free, although for Western foreigners who arrive or leave with more sophistication at the international airport, the formalities are precise. A visitor landing as a tourist can get a visa at the airport, upon payment of the proper fee, but a German woman who was in transit and who without permission wandered out of the airport while waiting for her plane was given a thundering dressing-down by the airport police.

For all that, Lebanon, an average of 35 miles wide and only 120 miles long, half of that desolate desert and mountain, is nonetheless a fascinating land for travelers. Those who would visit, but who encounter difficulties with their own political sensitivities, will find the Middle East emerging as a new destination that will be *en vogue*. Even before the Kissinger miracle of the borders, the Syrians, so long intractable, were evidencing an interest in generating tourism from the West. Egypt is already in high gear, as Israel has always been. And between them all, as a comfortable *plaque tournante*, a turntable girt with beaches, studded with ruins of its own, and already equipped with a first-class coterie of hotels, there is Cyprus, the island that has served as a halfway house ever since the time of the early Greeks.

Although the Geneva accords have produced some sort of peace, however fragile, between the Syrians and the Israelis, the matter of the Palestinians and what to do with them remains unresolved. They are still in camps inside Lebanon, from which they embark on raids upon Israel to the south. And the reprisals come in the form of air raids on the camps. The continuation of such eye-for-eye encounters could shake the peace.

BEIRUT, SITTING THERE on its seaside promontory far to the north, seems far from all that, in miles as well as in spirit. The seaside hotels are crowded, and the Phoenicia Intercontinental has been inspired to add another wing even though the mammoth Holiday Inn has arrived next door. The Holiday Inn is still quiet, but the Phoenicia is a jiving madhouse of activity—tourists, groups, weddings, commercial travelers, oil sheikhs, all buzzing about in a hectic jumble. For refinement, one must check in across the street at the Saint-Georges, where the rates are higher; the public salons are done in great style, and there are only 90 rooms. The cheapest double is $50 a night. *Tout* Beirut gathers at the Saint-Georges's waterfront, and some swim from the snippet of beach even though the harbor is polluted. Freighters anchor in the roads in front of the hotel, and at night the fishing boats, tethered nearby, leave their lights on to ensnare the fish.

One dines elegantly and in French at the Saint-Georges, at La Tour d'Argent on the Hamra, and at La Saucisse Joyeuse. The French, after all, were in the Levant from the Twenties until independence at war's end. The Italians, who weren't in the Levant at all, unless one stretches it to include Libya, have left their culinary imprint nonetheless, and one can find it at Quo Vadis, at the Spaghetteria Italiana, to say nothing of the place I pass along to you on the basis of name alone—Chez Popeye.

Eating Lebanese style is infinitely more interesting than trying a facsimile of the Western kitchen. A *mezza* is inevitable as it is endless—a procession of hors d'oeuvres that is never without *hommos,* pureed chick peas, with garlic, oil, and pulverized sesame called *tahini* or *tabbouleh*, a salad of minced parsley, scallions, tomatoes, mint, and crushed wheat to be stuffed inside a crisp interior leaf plucked from a head of romaine lettuce. After that, well, chicken broiled over charcoal and seething with garlic, or *shawarma*, a seasoned lamb that has been barbecued on a vertical spit.

The peregrinating gastronome will see in all this, and in the chalky goat cheese, the stuffed grape leaves, and the oily

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black olives, accents lifted from the Greeks. The Mediterranean evolutions are evident all over Lebanon, where they become entwined with Semitic beginnings. One of the most interesting exhibits of Beirut's National Archaeological Museum portrays the evolution of the alphabet. In this thesis, the creation of a 22-letter alphabet is credited to the Phoenicians, who were the forebears of the Lebanese. The sarcophagus of Ahiram, king of Byblos, taken from that city, whose ruins outside Beirut are easily visited, is the prime exhibit in the museum. Ahiram lived in the thirteenth century B.C., and it is the inscriptions on his tomb that are given as evidence of the true origins of the alphabet, which, invented by the Phoenicians, was then passed by these traders to the Greeks. The Greek word for bible, *biblos*, seems, to etymological detectives, to indicate that papyrus, on which the Bible was transcribed, was trans-shipped from Egypt to Greece by way of Byblos, now the port city of Jbeil, north of Beirut. Other scholars have other theories, but the Beirut exhibits are more than enough to tantalize the imagination and to inspire a journey to Byblos itself.

The drive up the coastal road can be tiresome and tortured with traffic, but having come to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, one can scarcely forego a tramp through the ruins of what is called the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. In principle, it is an hour's drive to the Crusader castle, from which one can look down upon the simple Phoenician temples, early Bronze Age rectangles that date from 2700 B.C. It is believed that a fishing community flourished here 7,000 years ago, and there are indications that its inhabitants worshiped a stone idol. By 3500 B.C. the dead were buried inside earthenware jars, along with their weapons made of bronze and their jewelry. In at least one case, a master was buried with his dog. So, early man who lived here believed in some super-being and had faith in a life after death.

From this port the traders shipped cedar to Egypt, where cedar oil was needed for mummification and the wood was required for ships. From Egypt came papyrus, alabaster, and linen. Long afterward came the Romans, who built a theater, placed so that the audience faces the sea, which serves as the backdrop. Centuries after that, the Crusaders used the tiny harbor, where they built their church.

"Those who would visit, but who encounter difficulties with their own . . . sensitivities, will find the Middle East emerging as a new destination, very much en vogue."

It is a pleasant excursion to visit the ruins and then to dine at the Restaurant Fishing Club in the old Crusader harbor. Ancient jars fished from the sea and from the ruins decorate the restaurant—relics left behind by Phoenicians, Saracens, and Greeks. Seven caves have been fitted out for weekends. The management will take patrons by boat to the Hacienda de Pepe, four kilometers up the coast, where the owner, José Abed Gali (half-Lebanese, half-Mexican), has built ten primitive cabins out of reach of cars, out of earshot of blowing horns. There is fishing for *dorade*, *rouget*, and tuna, and on weekends troupes of Bedouins are brought in to sing and dance.

The show at the enormous Casino du Liban, nearby at Ma'ameltein, half an hour from Beirut, is somewhat less folkloric. It is a spectacle that is part Folies-Bergère, part Lido, part Radio City Music Hall, and part Ringling Brothers, Barnum, and Bailey Circus. Acts have been collected from all over the world. The show that I witnessed had recently opened and is expected to run into infinity. And small wonder, considering the cost. It opened with a motorcyclist driving his vehicle inside a sphere made of steel grids. A simulation of a rocket launch from Cape Canaveral began with the voice of Mercury control and superimposed films of a spaceshot. Then the scene went live, and a rocket buzzed around the hall, spitting fire. Spacemen and moon girls danced among the craters, and the visitors from earth were captured.

Later, a similar extravaganza began with a boat—the *African Queen*?—coursing along a fake river while the crew fed it chunks of wood and the boiler belched flames. Before that séance was done, a tropical storm erupted, rain fell in monsoon sheets, a live elephant made a round of the stage, and squads of naked savages pranced about the underbrush.

Things go on like that for a couple of hours, interspersed with peeps at nearly naked showgirls, light-fingered sleight-of-hand artists relieving patrons of their watches and their wallets, and other jollity.

If you thought vaudeville was finally dead again after its renaissance on the now-defunct Ed Sullivan show, it is alive and raunchy here in the shadow of the ruins of ancient civilizations. Two drinks and a view of this theatrical exercise costs $15. If you want to come early and have dinner first, that embellishment will relieve you of $12 more.

Should you be inspired to donate something more to the local economy, the casino offers the usual continental sport, which is to say, roulette, chemin de fer, baccarat. Here, as the folder says, in the "sanctuary of the gods of chance," one will also find cultural contests imported from the New World—blackjack and slot machines. Besides all those attractions, the Casino du Liban is equipped with a corps of the most sinister-looking croupiers and gaming supervisors—tinted shades and all—seen since Peter Lorre faded from the silver screen. □

(First of two pieces on Lebanon. The second, a visit to Baalbeck, will appear in a subsequent issue.)

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Martha Swope

Takako Asakawa—"Tremendous impact" in a role once danced by Martha Graham.

Spring 1974: Manhattan's Massive Dance Season

by Walter Terry

Incredible that 20,000 individuals would attend dance performances in one day in Manhattan alone? Well, it's true. On a Saturday or a Sunday in the spring you can find matinee and evening performances by Britain's Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, the New York City Ballet at the State Theater, and the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Company at the City Center Fifty-fifth Street Theater (each theater seating in the neighborhood of 3,000), augmented by five or ten dance concerts in halls of various sizes. Not long ago Martha Graham, for one, settled for a single Sunday night recital on Broadway. A triumphant three-week New York season would then have been only an impossible dream.

Let me tell you a bit about the Graham engagement in the spring of 1974 and some other dance occasions.

The Graham triumph was centered, not in her two new works, *Holy Jungle* and *Chronique,* the latter a reworking of her 1973 *Mendicants of Evening* (the original was much better than the revision), but, rather, in the Graham company itself. A year ago, most of us felt that there had been a Graham rebirth, following Miss Graham's retirement as a dancer and two years of illness. This year, however, her young dancers came into their own. In 1973, they were vital and technically skillful successors to veteran Graham dancers whom they had replaced; in 1974, Miss Graham must have encouraged them in greater freedom of interpretation of roles, for they emerged this time as remarkable performers, several of them making tremendous impact in parts that Miss Graham herself had first danced.

As I watched them, Agnes de Mille's name, curiously, flashed through my mind. Miss de Mille has always required her dancers to be actors, and here Miss Graham was eliciting such dramatic forces from her own young charges. Miss Graham herself, as a dancer, often appeared to use a mask-like countenance, but so vivid was her presence and so powerful her command of gesture that she was always regarded as a consummate actress. The first dancers to assume her stage characters a few seasons ago duplicated the facial mask, some of them effectively, but her new performers have shed the mask and let their faces speak.

I was absolutely captivated by Yuriko Kimura as the Bride in *Appalachian Spring,* her face suffused in ecstasy or aglow with pride or hauntingly wistful, and her beautiful body moving with equal eloquence. Ross Parkes, too, discarded the mask and was the smiling or serious, commanding or tender Husbandman, not simply standing immobile on a threshold but saying in his very mien, "This is my domain." And when the two danced together, the frontier disappeared and only a great, great passion flooded the scene.

Takako Asakawa found her individual way in the title role of *Clytemnestra.* Graham herself was, of course, absolutely superb. There was never anyone like her and never ever will be. Nobody has the inner force that Graham did, which just emanates from some mysterious inner battery, so her successors must summon up their acting skills to replace that magical dynamo. All of Miss Graham's new dancers have become players, and in 1974, they have made us see that Martha Graham works are not Graham vehicles, that they are as classical in their own way as are the great Greek tragedies that inspired her.

What is fascinating is that Graham originated the mask-face in her first avant-garde years. Today's avant-garde experimentalists are using the same mask effect, which in too many cases degenerates into deadpan, while Miss Graham has discarded the mask for total body expression (face included), thus making some of the less gifted of today's innovators hopelessly out of date. At 80, Martha Graham is still in the vanguard

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of theater dance with dancers who can act, players who can dance—performers all.

Another dancer who can act, another dancer who is a superlative performer, another artist who possesses a magical inner dynamo, is Rudolf Nureyev. In the years since his defection in 1961 from the Soviet Union, this mesmeric, incredibly gifted, superbly trained (at the great Kirov Ballet center in Leningrad) Siberian Tartar has become the biggest box-office attraction in all ballet. But more than that, while retaining his electrifying personality, he has grown perceptibly as an artist.

It isn't just prowess and bravura that make Nureyev great. With eagerness and discernment he has broadened his dance range far beyond anything the Kirov could have given him. He is excellent in modern-dance-style assignments, although he does invest them with the calculative-movement attack of a ballet dancer, and his innate dramatic gifts have been developed into brilliant acting. He is a marvelous Romeo (in the MacMillan ballet), a jaded but dapper Don Juan (in the John Neumeier ballet), and an irresistibly romantic, boyish, and funny bumpkin in *La Fille mal gardée* (the Ashton version of the eighteenth-century comedy masterpiece). Nureyev is, indeed, something very special, and his constantly maturing art is something to be cherished.

Martha Graham has come to watch Nureyev dance more than once (and even gone backstage to see him), and he has attended Graham performances on his nights off. Both are dance adventurers, both see dance as theater, both are consummate actors. They have much in common. I wonder . . .

Louis Peres

Nureyev (with Park and Grant in Fille*)—"Irresistibly romantic, boyish, funny."*

The "Golden Pair"—The Royal Ballet's Sibley and Dowell in a curtain call.

Louis Peres

NUREYEV, who considers a day without dancing a complete loss, danced in New York as guest artist with both the National Ballet of Canada and the Royal Ballet from London. For both, he served as full-house insurance. The Canadians needed him desperately. The National Ballet has grown (not developed) into a huge company with enormous productions. It is very dull. The dancers are neat but characterless. There is one big plus—Karen Kain. Not only is this junior ballerina a clean and assured dance technician, but also she is filled with vitality, she's stylish in step and deportment, and she is very decidedly a personality. I liked everything she did, from her stunningly danced Aurora (in *The Sleeping Beauty*), with easy, unhurried, yet breathtaking balances on *pointe*, to the ebullient, coquettish dancing (with Nureyev) in the *Flower Festival* duet, in which she captures the Danish Bournonville style so well that she reminded me of that mistress of Bournonville ballet, Kirsten Ralov. If only the National Ballet of Canada had the zip of its rival, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

Of interest, however, was the Neumeier ballet, sumptuously mounted. It shows Don Juan as a foolish, superficial character trying to live up to his reputation for amorous devastation when, in truth, he is in love with only one image, a woman in white, who is, of course, Death. The ballet is done as a play within a play with the Don's manservant acting the role of the Don and occasionally changing places with the Don himself as he switches from observer to participant in his own biographical playlet. Not everyone liked this dance-drama, for that's what it is, but the interweavings of the character of the Don with his

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servant, the guests with the players, the narration of Sir Ralph Richardson with music of Gluck and Tomas Luis de Victoria, the drawing room with the substage, reality with fantasy, constitute a fascinating adventure.

The Canadians' *Giselle* was as handsomely staged, as smoothly performed, and as bland as its *Sleeping Beauty* (Nureyev excepted—he's one of the great Albrechts of our day). *Les Sylphides*? The same. But now that Erik Bruhn has become closely associated with the company, perhaps he will work the same marvels on it as he did with the Royal Swedish Ballet during his short but historic tenure there as director.

The Royal Ballet is something else again. Nureyev, of course, adds luster to it, but he is by no means essential to one of the world's great companies. Its *corps de ballet* comes as close to perfection in the classics as any I have ever seen and, indeed, in *La Bayadère* attains that perfection from the very opening of the scene (Act IV, The Kingdom of the Shades, is all that the Royal offers), when 28 girls move down a ramp and one by one fill the entire stage as they progress through an extended sequence of moving *arabesques*. The British dancers, in fact, now match and, perhaps, surpass the Kirov Ballet itself in the execution of what I find to be the most spectacular classical ballet image of all time, the last act of Marius Petipa's masterwork. Nureyev, who staged it for the Royal Ballet, is magnificent in it.

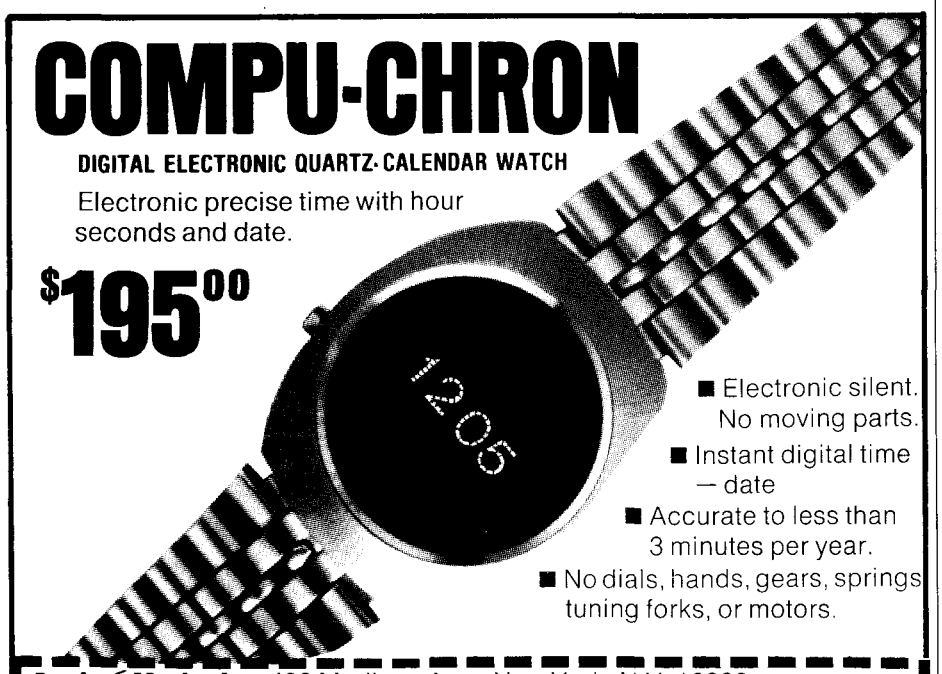
BUT IN ADDITION to the *corps*, the troupe boasts many glorious stars, beginning with the "golden pair," Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell, lyrical and romantic, passionate and elegant, impetuous yet refined. Merle Park, who has as devoted a following as Miss Sibley, I find to be competent—highly competent—but not very exciting. Hers is an admirable *Swan Lake*, very cool, very correct, and danced without technical flaw, but she's on top of it, not in it.

Alexander Grant, who danced here at the Royal Ballet's (then the Sadler's Wells) U.S. debut 25 years ago, was seen this time only in *La Fille mal gardée*, but that was enough to show us, through his masterfully detailed portrait of the sweet but simple-minded Alain, that he is a character dancer unrivaled in the Royal Ballet. Leslie Edwards, with the company since it was the Vic-Wells of the 1930s, once again took command of the stage in mime roles long associated with him, and such young stars as David Wall, brilliant virtuoso and skilled actor; Michael Coleman, light and versatile and swift of step; Monica Mason, steely in technical matters and a winning comedienne; small and bouncy Wayne Sleep (it is said that he can execute *entrechat douze*—Nijinsky made *dix; huit* is remarkable, and *six* is standard); highly promising Lesley Collier; long-limbed Deanne Bergsma; and . . . on and on.

MacMillan's *Manon*, to music of Massenet other than that composed for his opera, is as big and as lavish as his *Romeo and Juliet* but not nearly as good. It is almost like an echo of the former work, with romantic duets alternating with busy street scenes, and disreputable figures consorting with the pure in heart. But where *Romeo* is inventive, *Manon* seems contrived, its originality forced and uneasy. It was created for Sibley and Dowell, and they are wonderfully warming in it. A genuine piece of choreographic genius, however, is a drunken solo, and hilarious it is, for Lescaut, which is followed by a *pas de deux*, for the inebriated brother of Manon and his sober but obliging mistress. This scene, a sort of *grand pas d'ivresse*, is the highlight of the ballet.

The Royal Dancers also brought with them Ashton's modern classic, *Symphonic Variations* (Franck); George Balanchine's modern classic, *Apollo*, for Nureyev (who is not the ideal Apollo but a fresh and fascinating one); and two novelties, MacMillan's *Pavane* (Fauré), in which Sibley and Dowell were as pictorially appealing as a Maxfield Parrish illustration, and Sir Frederick's *The Walk to the Paradise Garden* (Delius). After seeing both, one felt that the MacMillan piece was the work of a highly talented student of advanced choreography, while the latter represented the hand of the master, for here, Sir Frederick, as he always does, permits us, the viewers, endless opportunities to savor movement, gesture, pattern, sequence, tableaux, exquisitely shaded dynamisms, and the dancers, the doers, to luxuriate in his sensuous movements.

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET, although it is Balanchine-dominated, has also served in the recent seasons of its 25-year history, presently being cele-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brated, as a showcase for Jerome Robbins. A new Robbins creation is always an event of worldwide dance significance, and the newest is *Dybbuk,* with a score by Leonard Bernstein. It is known that the two have been deeply interested in the theme since their first historic ballet collaboration—*Fancy Free*—30 year ago.

The Robbins *Dybbuk* is not a dance telling of the Ansky play. It is, rather, a series of variations on a theme, a theme that has been distilled, just as Robbins's monumental concept of *Les Noces* is not Russian but universal. *Dybbuk,* although certain sections of it—especially the powerful opening variation for seven men—resemble *Les Noces,* is not a ballet or a ceremony of continuing or cumulative impact. It is often a people dance rather than a Jewish dance, and this is apparent not only in the opening section but also in a circle dance, the primal choreographic form, in which a single figure has a group revolving about him as, in archaic rites, people danced around a sacred object.

Robbins, of course, is a master of the theatrical, and each of the 11 episodes ends in a climax, whether it be a single figure or a mass design that implants an image in the mind. In Broadway language, these would be socko finishes. Highly theatrical also, and pertinent to the theme of exorcism, are disappearing, materializing, metamorphosing figures. And beautiful are the passages for the boy and girl dressed in shining white. I personally find *Dybbuk* not very moving but fascinating to the eye from time to time. Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson, beautiful dancers, also fascinate the eye.

John Clifford, the New York City Ballet's diminutive powerhouse performer, tries his hand at choreography from time to time. His newest is *Bartók No. 3* (Piano Concerto 31) and his most polished work to date. It is in the Balanchine dance-to-with-on-and-for-music idiom, and I found that I enjoyed watching it but couldn't remember a thing about it after the curtain had fallen.

As if all these Manhattan dance events were not enough, I scurried out of town to see the Philadelphia, Boston, and Hartford ballets, and the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., all of them in finer form than ever before and all of them boasting new productions deserving comment at another time plus a full report on the sad suspension of the National troupe. □

(**Guest Editorial:** *from page 5.*)

fact that they have had no real say about this policy and know little about what it seeks to achieve—and what price they must pay.

To what extent do Dr. Kissinger's moves relate to the goals of the American people? To what extent do his accomplishments provide a basis for peace and stability in the world of the future?

CONSIDER the re-establishment of contacts with China. Even though this move was in most Americans' view long overdue, the country was caught by surprise. It was unfortunate that the President chose this course, rather than first building public support. In general, however, the step was applauded. I believe we had long felt a bit guilty about unrealistically ignoring the real government of the most populous country in the world. Miraculously, also, there appeared to be no price to pay. Indeed, modest benefits from trade might ensue. However, little else of substance has evolved and the whole affair has come increasingly to appear unreal—even cosmetic. The liaison officers from both sides have slipped home almost unnoticed. The anti-foreign Cultural Revolution is stirring again in China. Many Americans are feeling uneasy.

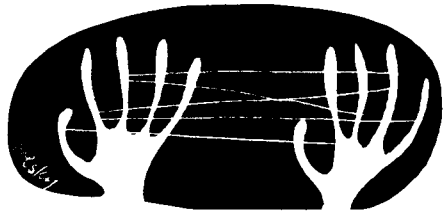
Efforts to further détente with the Soviets, which has long been a hope of the American people, were also overdue. We had, indeed, enviously watched the overtures made to Russia by de Gaulle and Brandt and others, and applauded their successes. But whether or not Nixon and Kissinger got a bargain in their dealings with Russia has yet to be determined. It appears that the American people, reverting to their deeply held distrust of the Soviet Union, are questioning the price to us of large concessional credits, most-favored-nation treatment, dependence on Soviet gas, the new nuclear balance negotiated under SALT, and mutual-force withdrawals. Critics of Soviet Jewish emigration policy have also "weighed in" tellingly. The future of this particular détente effort, therefore, remains in doubt. A big "selling job" remains for the government.

Meanwhile, the American people also fervently hope for a Middle East peace that will provide stability in that troubled area—so that Israel will be secure and we can get the oil we need from the Arabs. The disengagement agreements reached will not in themselves, however, lead to a permanent solution. Peace talks that were to have started in Geneva last December 18 have not even gotten underway. It also remains to be seen what our final obligations will be. If peace can be achieved in the Middle East, the price we have paid up to now will be money well spent. The American people will, I am sure, be happy to pay the bill. At this juncture we can only wish Dr. Kissinger well. However, if additional commitments are required, he must take the American people into his confidence. It is they who will ultimately decide.

But the role of the American people in foreign affairs is not necessarily just negative—limited to a check on policy. Indeed, one of the most unfortunate consequences of their lack of involvement in foreign policy is their removal as a positive force in the contemporary world scene. It was, after all, they who heeded George Marshall's 1947 Harvard speech calling for aid to a devastated Europe and gave their full support to what became the Marshall Plan. It was they who, when famine threatened in 1950, urged on their government a massive grain loan to India. Popular enthusiasm supported Point Four and development aid. Who knows the extent to which Americans today would be willing to share their food with the hungry and help the impoverished nations pay for their oil? No one has asked them. No one has pointed the way.

Basic to any successful foreign policy today—as in the past—is its comprehension and acceptance by the American people. We badly need a government responsive to the people, including a State Department able to take their views into account. No one today really knows what Americans want. If we are to progress, we must get our own people involved. The debate on foreign affairs must break through the distractions of Watergate and impeachment. Recent events—changes in governments; nuclear testing by France, China, and India; increased Soviet-Chinese tensions—must be evaluated by the American people. Without knowledge of how our people stand, our diplomacy—even as carried out by the most gifted practitioners of the art—will be written on sand.

GEORGE C. MCGHEE



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Theater

Whatever Happened to the Ingenue?

by Barbara Mackay

The Andrews sisters—"Spry, spreading versions of their original selves."

Average the ages of the best-known actresses who've played on Broadway during the past year or so: Lauren Bacall, Carol Channing, Debbie Reynolds, Jessica Tandy, Jane Powell, Hermione Gingold, Anne Baxter, Colleen Dewhurst, the Andrews sisters. Even the most flattering estimates would put the average well on the far side of 40, which has long been a traumatic age in an actress's career.

For the moment on Broadway, though, the nostalgia craze has gotten the better of the youth cult: it's currently to an actress's advantage to have been, rather than to be, a starlet. This year Carol Channing's old diamonds and routines have been dusted off to prove that time can't conquer all, and the Andrews sisters have been corseted and cosmeticized into spry, spreading versions of their original selves.

Meanwhile, where are the younger actresses, the new stars who have made their mark by the age of 18? Most likely biding their time in short-lived Off-Broadway shows or in television commercials and soap operas, waiting for a good acting role or senility, whichever comes first.

In some respects, times weren't so hard for young actresses around the turn of the century. If she wasn't born to parents involved in theater and so didn't grow up playing children's roles, an actress usually made her debut by 16 as a soubrette in stock-company productions or in vaudeville. By the age of 20 she was an experienced, versatile performer. Even the fact that acting was considered an indiscreet profession worked in the actress's favor. Because of the social stigma attached to the theater, few "nice" young women went into acting, so there was much less competition for each role than there is today. Then, too, during the early 1900s there were plenty of parts. Every melodrama and farce required an ingenue, a sweet young thing whose greatest goal in life was to hook the perfect husband. Once an actress built up a reputation for herself, she could go from play to play, doing virtually the same part and establishing herself in the audience's memory.

By the end of World War II, the ingenue had begun to disappear in American drama. As American culture in general reflected a loss of belief in innocence after the war, her playwrights began to abandon the image of woman as an empty-headed doll, whose perfect complexion is matched only by her perfect purity. The young women of Eugene O'Neill, Lillian Hellman, Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Arthur Miller, and Edward Albee are by no means simple innocents, but human beings with complex sexual, social, and psychological characteristics.

THE NEW WOMAN who replaced the ingenue required actresses who could handle more demanding roles. And from the Twenties to the Fifties, there were plenty of actresses who started young and were equal to the playwright's challenge: Helen Hayes (who began by playing ingenue roles), Katharine Hepburn, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Kim Stanley, Julie Harris. To a certain extent, these actresses were products of their times. They developed because they were needed, and the quality of their craft was in large part a response to the quality of the roles they played.

By comparison with earlier decades, the Sixties and Seventies have produced almost no young actresses for the stage. Ironically, there is more potential talent available now than ever before, since acting is no longer socially taboo. But much of that talent never reaches the general public. An actress may go from one brief Off-Off-Broadway role to another or find herself replaced by an equally talented, equally determined candidate. By the time she has gotten enough experience to land a meaty role in a show that will last more than a few weeks, the starlet is usually old enough to play the matron, instead of the maiden.

Still more potential is wasted through poor training. While waiting for a good job in theater, an actress may spend months or years making movies (which often require only that she be photogenic), appearing in soap operas and commercials (which require only that she look and sound as common as possible), without developing her acting ability. Eventually she'll be able to sell anything from Drano to McDonald's, but she won't be prepared to act onstage.

In addition, many young actresses who have gotten adequate training are yearly sacrificed to the Broadway profit motive. Rather than take a chance on an unknown face, Broadway invariably gravitates toward older, established actresses, even when the part calls for a young girl. The result is that many aspiring actresses defect to better-paying, more available jobs in movies and television.

As for the rest, the faithful ones who can act and who remain loyal to the theater, there are simply not enough parts to go around. Occasional Shakespeare productions or revivals of Ibsen and Shaw provide very few roles, which casting directors often throw away on actresses who have a certain look—conventional or unconventional—rather than talent. In a recent Joseph Papp production of *The Tempest*, for instance, a waif with Orphan Annie eyes, a whiny voice, and absolutely no feeling for Shakespeare was chosen to play Miranda, presumably because her flower-child look lent the play a sense of contemporaneity.

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Meanwhile, as the precious old parts are squandered on incompetents, few new ones are being written. The curious symbiotic process that produced actresses and writers simultaneously during the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties has simply ceased to function. With the recent exceptions of Edgar White's *Les Femmes noires* and Ray Aranha's *My Sister, My Sister* (both of which featured a number of excellent young black actresses), the majority of plays that call for young women are inferior productions, which don't offer the actress any challenge and don't last long enough for her to achieve recognition, or else they demand a specific kind of character actress.

The current obsession is obesity. At present there are five plays running in which a major character is young (or youngish), female, and fat. Only one of these plays, O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten,* deals with woman sensitively. The others—*My Fat Friend, When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?, The Hot L Baltimore,* and *The Sea Horse* (all written, incidentally, by men)—are projected male fantasies regarding woman's fear of being ungainly and unloved, of being an Earth Mother in a culture that prizes skinniness next to godliness. In their effort to avoid an unrealistic image of woman as ingenue, as dewy-eyed idealist, today's playwrights have gone to the opposite extreme, portraying woman as a grotesque parody of traditional feminine beauty: she becomes a victim of her corpulence, self-hatred, and self-destructiveness.

As showcases for particular actresses, these plays serve their purpose well. Conchata Ferrell, who appeared in *The Hot L Baltimore* and now stars in *The Sea Horse,* and Elizabeth Sturges, who plays in *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?,* are both excellent actresses. True to form, the two Broadway plays use older, "name" actresses, Colleen Dewhurst and Lynn Redgrave.

Clearly there can be no simple solution to a problem that involves the star system, the Broadway producer's hunger for profit, anti-feminist (or at least pro-male) playwrights, the limited Off-Broadway budget, the less limited budgets of daytime TV's "The Edge of Night." Short of a major miracle, the only hope is that playwrights will begin writing more plays about and for women, creating more opportunities for the development of America's younger actresses. □

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A Rockefeller Elected President

by Irving Kolodin

Lest it be supposed that the headline above is a portent of political things to come, it should be noted that the Rockefeller is William, not Nelson. The office to which he has been elected is the presidency of the Metropolitan Opera—a smaller domain than the one on which Nelson has long had his eye, but, within the restricted community of the arts and on a lesser social scale, still a focus of national attention.

For those to whom the family tree of the Rockefellers suggests a lineage all of a piece, it may be mentioned that the ones identified above are second cousins. This would trace the line of direct connection back to the founders of the fortune. In Nelson's case it would be to the original John D.; in William's, to the patriarch's brother, also William. Close as they were in making money, the parents had rather different ideas of how it could be spent.

You may search the records of the establishment of the Met in the 1880s and 1890s but not find the name of John D. anywhere displayed. The means already existed, but not the inclination. His Baptist faith did not include a partiality for "theatricals" or for the sinful

William Rockefeller, Met president.

world of opera. Brother William's beliefs were less rigid. He was one of several dozen millionaires who joined in the original underwriting. However, when a fire destroyed the structure's interior in the early Nineties and an additional assessment was required for reconstruction, William decided to join Jay Gould, Collis P. Huntington, and Cyrus Field (among others) in accepting repayment of his original investment and letting others carry on.

There was, for several decades, no conspicuous participation of the Rockefellers (on either side) in the affairs of the Met. The old house was a theatrical liability from the day it was opened, but the money to replace it was not readily available. Then, curiously, it was the family of John D. that applied itself to solving at least one of the institution's long-term problems—housing (if not finance).

Out of the community spirit that eventually produced a home for the U.N. on the East Side, John D., Jr., acquired a sizable area in midtown Manhattan and offered a part of it for the construction of a new opera house. Before a suitable plan could be devised in the late Twenties, the market collapse, as well as divisions of opinion within the operatic family itself, caused the offer to be rejected. What is now known as Radio City came into being instead.

In succeeding decades the sense of a mission unfulfilled lingered among John D., Jr.'s, descendants. It finally became a reality in Lincoln Center, of which John D. III was the instigator. Collaterally, the opera profited mightily by John D., Jr.'s, marriage (his second) to Martha Baird, well known as a concert pianist. She underwrote a sizable number of Rudolf Bing's most costly productions, including more than a few that would have been difficult to fund otherwise. A second marriage also entered into the operatic conditioning of William. His mother reared him in the habit, and the interest expanded when she married George A. Sloan, who was president of the Met during the Forties. William was recruited for service in the Metropolitan Opera Guild when he was still in law school (1947), following wartime service in the navy.

It is against this background that Rockefeller's ascension to the presidency should be appraised. Crises in the offstage operation of American opera enterprises are almost as endemic as temper tantrums are backstage. At this moment, however, the Met's large-scale financial debit is complicated by an artistic future dimmer than it has been for some time past. The two are, of course, closely interrelated. You can't spend money you haven't got, and if you can't afford the goods and services that enter into first-rate opera, you have to settle for less—as is becoming all too evident, all too often, at the Met (especially in the recent June "Festival" in which casting was repeatedly below an acceptable Metropolitan standard, and Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* was presented on a nearly barren stage with a scenic concept both underlit and over-"symbolic.")

THE METROPOLITAN desperately needs some of the leadership and community impulse typified by that dynamo of energy and farsighted friend of the arts, Mrs. August Belmont. As founder of the Opera Guild and, later, of the Metropolitan's National Council, she enlisted the participation of a broad cross section of people who helped it to survive the difficult years of World War II and the early Fifties. As her influence has lessened, it is evident that the old ways of entrenched influence have tended to reassert themselves. This is unseemly in itself—the Metropolitan is, after all, not a privately owned club, but a public institution—and completely out of keeping with the times.

The query I would put to William Rockefeller and the Met at this juncture

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 53

WILMA DYKEMAN:
TOO MANY PEOPLE,
(TOO LITTLE LOVE)

In the mountains of Kentucky, as in Nepal . . . it became unbearably clear that man could not "conquer" nature. He could change its balance, exploit or study it, but in the end he would himself be "conquered" or nourished by the land and its resources.

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can be phrased in a few sentences: does the Metropolitan of which he is president intend to broaden the range of persons who actually determine its policies or is it to remain the same tight-knit, socially snobbish entity it has been in recent times? Is it totally consistent with national policy that our tax money recently brought to the Metropolitan a grant of $1 million from the National Endowment for the Arts, though the power structure of the Met allows scant representation for minorities?

In a recent interview in the *New York Post*, a similar question (more delicately put, in terms of adding "more non-bankers and non-lawyers" to the board) prompted Rockefeller to reply: "I think it would be desirable, but I really don't have a plan. I'm not for putting on a representative of different interests just for doing it. But we'd like the most different backgrounds possible."

So, too, Mr. Rockefeller, would the press and the operagoers and, above all, those people around the country to whom you are constantly addressing pleas for contributions to keep your house lit and your stage active. It is, after all, 1974, not 1947.

IN AN ARTICLE in the September 11, 1973, issue of *Saturday Review/World*, about the Opera Guild of Greater Miami, the discussion of the ascension of Robert Herman to the position of artistic director, previously held by Lorenzo Alvary, was accompanied by the statement: "When it was reported that the guild's principal patron had decided that her support would not be forthcoming while Alvary was on the scene, his retirement was all but confirmed." I have been advised by Mrs. Bernice S. Crawley, president of the Opera Guild of Greater Miami, that this statement is "totally incorrect. No principal patron, neither a lady nor a gentleman, threatened to withdraw his support unless Mr. Alvary retired. As a matter of fact, the financial situation during the administration of Mr. Lorenzo Alvary showed substantial progress." □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 29): wrestle, swelter, welters.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 23): Originality, I fear, is too often only undetected and frequently unconscious plagiarism.

Dean Inge

(**Letters:** *continued from page 7.*)

with usable energy (that is, calories) is by definition a nutrient. . . . Diabetes mellitus is a heritable disease—the role of dietary sugar in its etiology is questionable. "Sugarbowl sugar" is broken down by the intestines into blood sugar and is certainly not "converted into a bloodstream substance that destroys blood sugar." . . . There is no evidence that "junk, snack, and pop foods" in moderation are detrimental to our health or that "health foods" are of any value in improving it. . . .

David Berd, M.D.
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Clara Pierre replies:

Dr. Berd's letter is absolutely typical of the medical profession's attitude toward the entire nutritional problem that besets this country. Perhaps he will listen to Dr. George M. Briggs, one of the most distinguished American nutritionists, who at a Senate Committee of Nutrition and Human Needs hearing said that "the development of fabricated foods containing nothing but calories is irresponsible." He exhorted the food industry to live up to "the responsibility to produce nutritious foods."

The Enigmatic Chinese

To a reader wishful for better understanding of China, Michel Oksenberg's article ("The Political Scramble in Mao's China," May 18) was as satisfying as the luncheon special at the China Inn: an hour after you've read it, you're still ignorant. Like any good political scientist, Mr. Oksenberg has mastered his tools. . . . But my principal complaint is that the analysis is oriented too much toward external factors. The author describes the present struggle as between those seeking "an active Chinese involvement in the established international community" and those who feel that such an involvement "will corrupt the Chinese people." This is only one facet of the struggle. In simplest terms, it is between those committed to a rational solution for China's problems and those obsessed with pursuit of an ideological utopia. . . . It is a mistake to think that there is anything the United States can do now to improve relations with China or to influence the struggle in favor of the pragmatists; we can hurt Chou, but we can't help him. . . .

Robert T. Wood
St. Petersburg, Fla.

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Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway in Chinatown—*"Clever, cunning, tricky."*

Jack, the Private Eye

by Hollis Alpert

A friend said plaintively to me not long ago, "Why don't they make pictures like *The Maltese Falcon* any more?" Well, as it happens, they do, but with a difference. The private-eye category has by no means disappeared from the motion-picture form, and an excellent example is on hand in *Chinatown,* with an opening credit frame that runs "A Robert Evans Production of . . . ," followed by another frame that reads, "A Film by Roman Polanski." Since the film comes from Paramount Pictures, a subsidiary of the Gulf & Western Corporation, this indicates power all along the line. As a matter of fact, Paramount has taken the lead lately in motion-picture production, moving resolutely ahead while other companies proceed with caution.

Before getting to the matter and meat of *Chinatown,* let's try to answer that age-old question, Just what does a producer do? You're probably aware that Robert Evans was the production chief behind such pictures as *The Godfather, Love Story*, and *The Great Gatsby*, not all of them masterworks of the cinema, by any means, but distinguished by shrewd, effective publicity and sales efforts that paid off handsomely at the box office. I might also note that none were shown much before opening dates to reviewers and critics—this, perhaps, to prevent possible backlash before the public got the chance to make up its own mind. Evans, as head of production for Paramount, stayed more or less behind the credits for a while, but now he has leaped boldly into the open as producer.

But what does he *do*? For one thing, he selects the project, which might derive from a book, a play, an original script, or even merely an idea—known more commonly in the industry as a concept. The concept might emerge, simply, even primitively, as, "What about a *Maltese Falcon*–type picture?" I'm not saying *Chinatown* happened that way, but I've known similar things to happen. When a producer has power, as Evans does, a lot can happen. He can, for instance, pick up the phone and immediately talk to important people.

Thus, a man like Evans can assemble forces—the best writer for the job, the director, the stars. Being a virtual partner of the company president, he can get his budget okayed with a minimum of fuss and count on the best possible campaign on behalf of the picture. He might even contribute ideas, smooth out conflicts between the creative personnel, and ensure something known as a quality production. But Evans goes farther. Once in the clothing-manufacturing business, he undoubtedly knows the importance of fine detail. A Paramount staffer assured me that he worked cooperatively with the film editor, even the photographer. I mention all this because it strikes me that Evans is of importance in today's movie scheme. It is precisely that force and creative power at the top that has been lacking in the industry.

Thus, *Chinatown* is not just another private-eye picture. It is clever, cunning, tricky, and superbly acted—especially by Jack Nicholson, who does everything so easily, casually, and appropriately that he hardly seems to be acting at all. The film is set back in 1937 and pays such attention to period detail that at one point an open wallet reveals a now vanished two-dollar bill. Nicholson plays private investigator J. J. Gittes, charging $35 a day for his services, plus $20 a day for his assistants. That kind of money enables him to afford a well-appointed office suite and a secretary. He is by no means the seedy private eye of, say, *The Long Goodbye*, shambled through recently by Elliott Gould. He dresses well, matching his ties to his shirts and jackets. He is, unlike Gould, serious about his calling, and also, unlike Gould, has the capacity for moral outrage. When, at the end, he unravels the depth of corruption he has managed to uncover, he is not so much a defeated, as a saddened, man.

The corruption is on two levels, only one of which will I mention, because giving away the other would spoil the fun. It seems that in 1937 Los Angeles and surrounding desert areas faced a dwindling water supply, and even that which was available was being mysteriously siphoned off. Couple that fact with the county's chief engineer being found dead, and Jack, the private eye, has plenty to keep him busy. The dead official's wife (Faye Dunaway) is part of the mystery, as is an elderly tycoon, her father, played eminently and amusingly well by John Huston—an homage of sorts to *The Maltese Falcon*, since Huston directed that classic.

Earlier, I said there was a difference between the two films, and it lies in the degree of violence. Sam Spade faced danger and menace, as does J. J. Gittes, but Gittes encounters sickening and graphically portrayed violence. Sexuality was only gingerly implied (remember the lovely Mary Astor?) in *The Maltese Falcon.* Here it is frank and open. And the dialogue is occasionally salty, the prevailing mode being what it is. Otherwise, the script might easily have borne the signature of Dashiell Hammett, and this is meant only as a compliment to Robert Towne, who wrote it with obvious emulation aforethought. Polanski's direction is the best he has achieved since *Rosemary's Baby*, and maybe what he has been in need of, until now, is the guiding hand of Robert Evans. Let us give credit where credit is due.

The film, by the way, has very little to do with Chinatown. The title is sort of symbolic. □

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(Continued from page 11.)
For example, a developing country that has a 3 percent population growth rate and wishes to have its population level off at *double* its present numbers must reduce its average family size from over four children per family to slightly over two children per family in steady stages *within the next ten years*. If it waits twenty years before starting such a ten-year program to reduce family size, its population will grow to nearly *four times* its present numbers.

What this may mean in global terms was brought out recently at a "mini-Bucharest" meeting of experts held in Rensselaerville, N.Y., under the sponsorship of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies and The Institute on Man and Science. The experts noted that world population, which stood at only 1.5 billion at the beginning of this century, is now close to 4 billion. The forecast for the year 2000 is between 6 and 7 billion. Assuming that the level of world fertility continues to decline only at the rate foreseen in current U.N. projections, the experts pointed out, world population growth will not level off until the last quarter of the next century, by which time it will have reached 15 billion. On the other hand, if the world could achieve replacement-rate fertility by the year 2000 (an average of slightly more than two children per couple), world population could be stabilized at about 8 billion by the middle of the next century. Whether world population growth is stabilized at the lower or upper reaches of the 8–15 billion range, the experts concluded, will fundamentally determine the prospects of the human race for peace, welfare, and human dignity.

Beyond hammering these hard facts into the heads of the men who make national decisions, the World Population Conference will have the opportunity of

Alternatives to Childbearing

There are two factors that promise a profound change in the role of women in society during the decades immediately ahead. One is the desire by a steadily growing share of the world's women to have social and political rights and economic opportunities equal to those of men. The second is the pressure of population on the earth's resources, a pressure that is rapidly approaching a point at which it may not be feasible for virtually all women to bear children.

In order to reduce fertility to the levels proposed earlier, average fertility levels in some societies, for at least a limited period of time, will have to fall well below replacement. If a substantial share of the women in any given society seek methods of self-fulfillment other than childbearing, this fertility goal could be much more easily attained.

There is evidence that this is beginning to happen in the United States. In a poll taken in 1973 among young women in the senior class at Stanford University, in California, less than 1 in 25 said they expected to become full-time housewives within five years of graduation. Because of Stanford's high academic standards and high tuition, the students there should not be considered representative of all young people in the United States. Nonetheless, the response does reflect a pronounced change in attitude among young women in the United States. Young women graduating from many American colleges today simply do not conceive of their role in society in the same way that their mothers did. They no longer automatically accept the traditional role assigned to them by society.

In such countries as West Germany, East Germany, and the Soviet Union (particularly its European portion), abundant employment opportunities for women are beginning to compete with the traditional roles of childbearing and child-rearing. The result is a drop in the level of fertility well below replacement. The average woman of reproductive age is bearing fewer than the two children required to replace her and her husband. The one-child family is becoming commonplace.

The movement toward a more equitable role in society for women is not limited to the economically advanced countries. There are stirrings of the women's liberation movement in virtually every country in the world, including some of the most traditional societies, where the role of women has been very carefully circumscribed. Women's organizations devoted to securing equal rights for women are being formed even in such restrictive societies as Afghanistan and Morocco. The First National Women's Congress in Brazil, representing the women's liberation movement there, was convened late in 1972. This conference, held publicly in a traditional, male-dominated society, attracted a great deal of attention. The week-long conference discussed and debated many issues, but on two there was strong agreement—the need for planned parenthood and for day-care centers.

Changes in the role of women in society call for associated changes in the role of men. One of the difficulties women still face in most industrial societies is that equal opportunities in the job market do not guarantee equal sharing of work on the home front.

In most societies where women have made great progress in broadening their economic and social opportunities, political equality has lagged. Though women have achieved the right to vote in most industrial societies, the share of offices that they hold is little more than a token in most countries.

Given the need to reduce fertility and birthrates, it is now imperative for every society to create employment opportunities for women sufficiently attractive to induce many of them to opt for these rather than for childbearing. Laws, customs, and regulations restricting women's rights to employment, to own property, to vote, to hold political office, and to pursue certain traditionally "male" professions must be stricken from the books. From production brigades in China to university campuses in the United States, women are beginning to perceive a future role in society quite different from that of the past. We appear to be on the verge of a major restructuring of society, a restructuring that seems inevitable, given both the desire of women for a more equitable role and the pressing need to reduce fertility throughout the world. In the future, more and more women can be expected to strive for a role in society virtually indistinguishable from that of men. They should be encouraged and assisted in every way, for it is in both their interest and that of society that they do so.

LESTER BROWN

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promulgating a "World Population Plan of Action." Some population activists would like the plan to lay down internationally-agreed-upon population targets for every nation. This will certainly not happen, given strong feelings of national sovereignty. But experts at the Rensselaerville meeting suggested that a plan of action could usefully call on countries to set their own population targets, something only a small minority of countries have yet done.

After having chaired the Rensselaerville meeting, I conclude that there are at least ten specific things an action plan on population could ask every country to do:

(1) Take a census at least every ten years.

(2) Institute an effective system for the registration of births, deaths, and other vital statistics.

(3) Assess the implications of its population growth rate for its economic and social goals—especially for nutrition, health, education, housing, and employment. Every nation can develop a population policy as an integral part of its national-development plan, including a target figure at which population should be stabilized and the specific date by which replacement-rate fertility must be realized in order to meet that target.

(4) Review its national legislation in the light of its population policy, including its laws on minimum age of marriage, abortion, taxation, the provision of housing and other benefits, and women's and children's rights, with a view to influencing childbearing decisions in the desired direction.

(5) Establish a central administrative unit for implementing population policy and programs and give this unit outstanding people and strong political support.

(6) Include material on family life and population problems in all levels of its educational system, including adult education.

(7) Make information on, and means of, family planning available to all members of its population in the childbearing years through a network of maternal- and child-health services and through other means just as soon as possible, and in any case, no later than 1980.

(8) Support such national research and training programs (in medicine, communications, administration, and so on) as may be necessary for implementing the above-mentioned measures.

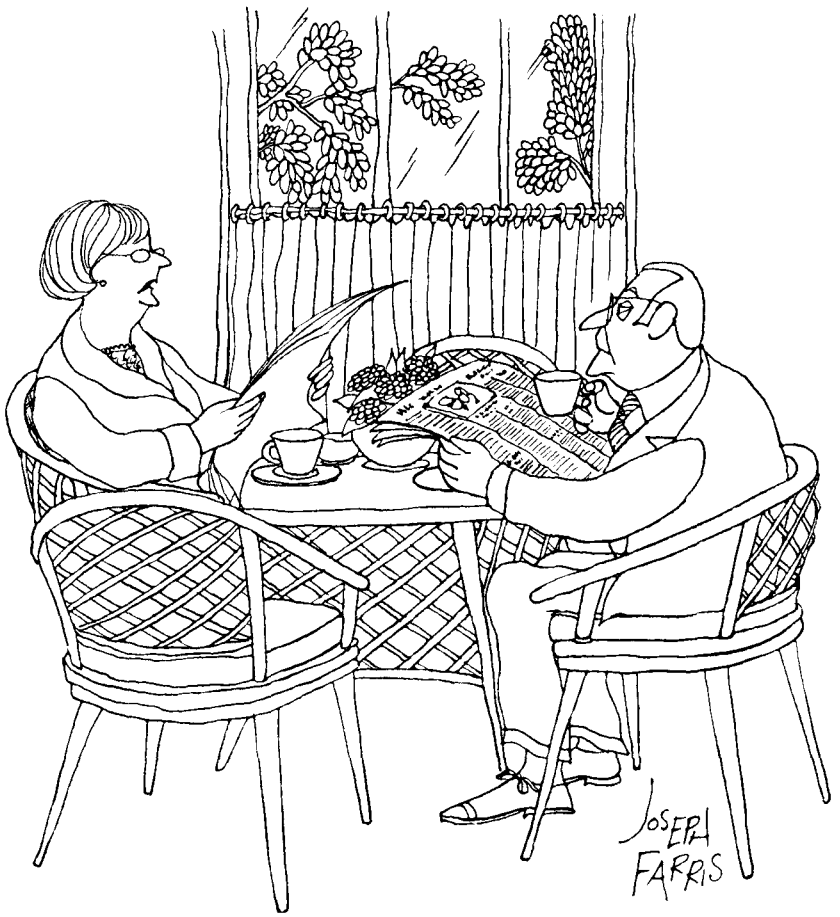
(9) In the case of free-market or mixed economies, facilitate activities by private family-planning agencies and the commercial distribution of contraceptives.

(10) Cooperate with other countries —bilaterally, regionally, and through the United Nations and other international agencies—in supplying information, personnel, and financial support, with particular attention to the contributions that developed countries can make to assist the population policies of the less developed.

CLEARLY, acquiescence in such a program must be evoked, not forced from the outside. At this stage, we must put our faith in the ability of governments to respond to the facts—that is, to the insoluble problems created by population growth at present rates. We must try to demonstrate that population control is a matter of national self-interest, not a matter of obeying the wishes of foreigners. In this respect, the very process by which governments prepare for the conference—doing the numbers on their neglected demographic homework—may be more important than any formal resolutions adopted at the conference itself.

The Rensselaerville meeting brought out one final point which should be front and center at this summer's Bucharest meeting—that development can do as much for family planning as family planning can do for development. This is particularly true of development that stresses not only increases in GNP but also such fertility-reducing elements as better income distribution, the reduction of unemployment, women's rights, and broad access to basic education, health and social services. It is therefore not a question of development *or* family planning—what we need is *both*.

The negotiations in 1974 on energy, trade, monetary reform, and the law of the sea are thus integrally related to the population question. Unless the rich countries make more resources available to the poor through enlightened policies in these and other areas—and unless the poor greatly improve the quality of their own development efforts—the economic and political basis for effective measures to reduce fertility will simply not exist. This is yet another reason why world order politics should now replace balance-of-power politics as the first priority on the diplomatic agenda. □



"Aren't you glad you're a nobody and not a big shot with the media picking on you all the time?"

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A Call to the Educators of America

The following guest editorial was written by Frederick L. Redefer, professor emeritus, higher education, New York University, and a former director of the Progressive Education Association.

The year 1932 was a troubled time for America. The country was shaken by a severe depression, unemployment was high, business was stagnant, and veterans of World War I, unable to find jobs, had encamped in Washington. The concept of a planned society in the USSR caused many Americans to question the free-enterprise system.

In February 1932 Prof. George S. Counts startled the educational profession by his address to the annual convention of the Progressive Education Association (PEA), in which he asked, "Dare the schools build a new social order?" Counts left no doubt that he believed a new social order was necessary. He challenged the progressive schools because they were the most promising movement for change on the educational horizon. Counts contended that if schools were to build a new social order, they would have to drop their Deweyan child-centeredness, come to grips with planning an education for social change, cease to allow the individual child to do only what he wanted to do, and help young people to understand and cope with the problems of the times. In this way, schools would be building for a new social order.

The boldness of Counts's address startled the conference and stirred delegates deeply. The dinner meeting ended with groups forming and talking—some of them discussing Counts's challenge into the wee hours of the morning. In the history of education no other speech has had such an impact on the educational profession.

But how do schools go about building a new social order? Counts was not specific as to how it should be done or what the curriculum should be. He was even less specific about the new social order, except that privilege was to be stripped from the few and that democratic planning would create a society with low unemployment, better housing, and better health.

The PEA had no ready answers to the questions Counts raised, and the debate that ensued divided the movement as to whether a new social order could be achieved through education without indoctrination or whether, if teachers resorted to indoctrination, they would cease to be educators.

A committee issued "A Call to the Teachers of America," written largely by Counts; but by 1936, when this report was submitted to the members for study, the New Deal, under Roosevelt's leadership, was tackling more vigorously the problems of unemployment, housing, and the welfare of the people. As a result, it became clear that the schools would not attempt to build a new social order.

The educational situation today is not too different from that of 1932, although our problems are not solely economic. They still include not only housing and health but also overpopulation; pollution of air, sea, and land; the wanton destruction of the earth's resources; war; and/or atomic annihilation. What is new about today's critical problems is that none of them can be solved on a national basis. Our international organizations are not equipped to tackle them when the minds of statesmen and citizens are still nationally provincial.

Higher education has not educated youth for this new world. A few professors in individual courses facing the present and future have reached a small percentage of the total student body. These scattered courses do not add up to much, and colleges, whose major concern is the professional preparation of students, have expressed little interest in the crisis mankind faces. Without the challenge of what a new world could be like, students become socially apathetic.

The challenge to higher education presented by Ivan Illich's *Deschooling Society*, in which he proposed that all schools and colleges be closed, has not been taken seriously. The revolt of college students of the Fifties and Sixties produced little fundamental change. Pass/Fail grades in place of the old marking system have not brought change in the curriculum. Student-organized courses, enjoying a brief flurry of interest, have been submerged by faculty power. "Universities without walls" show little concern with the problems of mankind. The voluminous study of higher education conducted by the Carnegie Foundation inspired no purpose for higher education other than supporting the status quo, while the grants of the Ford Foundation have sidestepped any fundamental change. American education faces a world situation that it seems unwilling to look at, and today it is higher education, rather than childhood education, that needs to be challenged to build a new world order.

Higher education is in a crisis far more complex than mere lack of funds. The loss of faith in our colleges and universities as agencies for social improvement is clearly evident in the apathy of students, and a "withdrawal" is spreading in an expressed cynicism among graduate students. Robert Maynard Hutchins has given up reforming higher education and calls for reforming society first. But does this not require a better-educated citizenry and a different education *among the faculty itself*? Colleges no longer express an educational effort to achieve definite purposes.

In the past two decades the traditional program of liberal arts in undergraduate education has crumbled—a victim of graduate school specialization, of emphasis on excessive vocationalism, and of the revolt of youth against any restrictive requirements. A state of educational chaos has resulted. This is particularly true for the first two years of the traditional four-year college. These years no longer have meaning for students. Advanced standing and early admission of students indicate that these years are no longer considered essential for education, even by the faculty. In most colleges these are the years to be avoided for teaching assignments by the more experienced professors. More and more colleges have become a "holding operation," and they do little for young people and contribute less to society as a whole.

Are colleges and faculties ready for change? The answer is no, because faculties are participants in a built-in system

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protecting the time-encrusted administrative arrangements and practices of higher education that inhibit change.

There are, however, pockets of younger and older teachers who realize that change is necessary. The world confrontation, the shock of Watergate, the lack of ethics in high places, and the commercialization of American culture have convinced some that a new education is necessary if we are to educate a younger generation that is concerned, committed, and prepared to create a better society. These pockets of educational leadership need to be discovered, encouraged, and supported. If given encouragement, they could create a purpose for higher education.

A new purpose for higher education must be directed toward the future, making students aware of the dangers of the present drift; the crucial shortages the world will face in energy, resources, foods; the effects of overpopulation; pollution of water and land as projected in the recent report by the Club of Rome. Higher education must prepare students for a life far simpler than they now live, for satisfactions less dependent on technological machines.

Such a purpose requires design and experimentation to create the kind of man needed by the world into which we are moving so rapidly. The traditional liberal arts are no longer relevant to this end. Rational thought needs to be applied to daily living, and a knowledge of the past must be applied to contemporary problems. An education limited to the study of the Western world is an anachronism. The traditional courses of the history of Western civilization, the appreciation of Western art, Western music, and Western literature omit more than half of the world of man. It is such courses, repeating what is sketched in secondary schools, that have helped to turn students off, causing them to drop out in order to discover who they are. The new approaches in anthropology, economics, geology, and international relations need to be brought together in new patterns. The East and West need not be separated in courses or departments. Interdisciplinary designs are necessary if students are to receive the background essential for informed citizens of the world. Before one becomes a lawyer, a doctor, a business executive, or a teacher, one needs to be a *man*—who knows himself and others, who thinks of himself as a man before he thinks of himself as a citizen of any particular country, or an example of any racial strain, or as a member of any religious or non-religious group. He needs to be a man prepared to live and share with others the planet earth and to be vitally concerned about the destruction of any man or any part of that earth. It is clearly evident that such men are not plentiful today and even more evident that educators do not do what they could to develop such men.

Educators would do well to re-examine the successful project sponsored by the Progressive Education Association in the depression years (1932–41) known as The Eight-Year Study.

This study approached the problem of college admission with a view to freeing secondary schools to plan a better educational program and, at the same time, to prepare students for college. It aimed at breaking up the rigid plan for college admission based on grades received and examinations passed in required subjects. For eight years practically all colleges in the United States allowed 30 secondary schools freedom from specific college-admission requirements. They were free to plan a new education for youth.

The Eight-Year Study was one of the few successful experiments in American education, and it demonstrated there is no *one* way of preparing for college. It proved that a variety of patterns could be followed and that graduates of the participating schools achieved as high a level of success in college as did matched students from schools following traditional courses. Unfortunately, World War II, the flood of GIs into our colleges in the post-war years, the tremendous expansion of higher education, the fears of communism of the McCarthy era—all contributed to lessening the benefits that should have been derived from this study. Most unfortunately, the colleges of the Thirties concluded—from the examples of these young people who had been educated differently—that there was little need for change.

America is now questioning its values and is more aware than ever before that changes must come. Is this not the time to develop purposes for education and to create a new education for some students in some schools and colleges by some of the faculty? Is it not a time when a social purpose for education can be found and a commitment to an improved world accepted? Must we wait for society to change before colleges do?

A new eight-year study involving *secondary schools and colleges* is needed. It should focus on the first two years of college, before specialization sets in, and on the last two years of the secondary school—periods that are now floundering. Faculties of colleges and secondary schools should plan together for four years of education with an arrangement for admission to college similar to that which existed in the original Eight-Year Study. Such a proposal of a "new" four-year unit has been made before and has a sound psychological basis in the stage of development of young people.

A national committee could explore such a proposal with the college and secondary-school associations that now exist in the eight geographical regions of the United States to discover their interest in establishing an eight-year study in their respective areas. Wherever there is an interest, a committee could be established in each region to contact the faculties of colleges and secondary schools and to select those that are prepared to participate. What one region designs for such an education need not be identical with what another region plans, nor does it follow that what a college does in its first two years or what a secondary school does in its last two years would be similar to what all other schools and colleges in that region are doing. Designs for the education of man living on the planet earth ought to produce diversity, for there must be many paths to this goal. Regional committees could select the most promising college and secondary-school plans and be responsible for communication among the participating institutions to improve, evaluate, and advance plans in the course of eight years.

A single foundation need not support this proposal, but many of them cooperatively could make such a project possible. The original Eight-Year Study, involving 30 schools, required a grant of less than $2 million over eight years. This proposal might call for $20 million over an eight-year span, and this is a small amount to devote to meet the needs of American education.

The creativeness of educators can meet the challenge if innovative colleges and imaginative teachers are sought out—rather than those merely with reputations and status. In this spirit, the educators of America are summoned to answer the challenge of this age and to create an education for the man who must build a new world order. □

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The Case Against Preferential Racial Quotas:

Justice Douglas's Dissent in the DeFunis Case

by Fred M. Hechinger

The "strict construction" of the Constitution has become mired in that trail of confusion which President Nixon leaves behind him as he tries to score political points. In the distorted code of the President's shorthand, the strict constructionists have become identified with the conservative backlash against the Warren court. In reality, a textbook example of strict constructionism has recently been provided by Justice William O. Douglas in a separate, 29-page dissent from the five-man majority in the DeFunis case.

The Supreme Court had sidestepped the controversial question of whether the University of Washington Law School had violated the rights of Marco DeFunis, Jr., a white student, when it rejected his application in 1971 but admitted from a separate pool of black applicants 36 non-white minority students with lower test scores. The court avoided coming to grips with the issue of preferential racial quotas by declaring the case moot, because DeFunis, who attended the law school under a lower-court order pending his appeal, was scheduled for imminent graduation.

Justice Douglas not only dissented from such a cop-out but also thought the case called for a forthright definition of what colleges and universities can and cannot do in their socially desirable effort to undo the non-white minorities' past deprivations. But because Justice Douglas is both a liberal and a strict constructionist—and clearly capable of reconciling the two positions—he was equally determined to tackle the question of whether the Constitution, which prohibits negative racial discrimination, permits positive or preferential racial discrimination.

Justice Douglas had no trouble concluding that it does not. "The equal-protection clause," he wrote, "commands the elimination of racial barriers, not their creation in order to satisfy our theory as to how society ought to be organized. The purpose of the University of Washington cannot be to produce black lawyers for blacks, Polish lawyers for Poles. . . . It should be to produce good lawyers for Americans and not to place . . . barriers against anyone."

Having thus interpreted the Constitution in the only way in which he believes it can properly be interpreted—the literal way—Justice Douglas does not fall into the trap of thereby aligning himself with those who say that if black applicants cannot compete successfully for admission under the existing system of test scores, let them be kept out.

DOUGLAS BEGINS by suggesting that the Law School Admission Test (LSAT) may be an unsatisfactory yardstick by which to judge any students. He charged flatly that these tests "do not have the value that their deceptively precise scoring system suggests." To illustrate, the University of Washington experience showed that 6 of every 100 candidates who had been in the bottom 20 percent of the test scores at the time when they were admitted wound up in the top 20 percent of their class on graduation, "and no one knows how many of those who were not admitted because of their test score would in fact have done well were they given a chance."

The tests thus are a convenient tool for the faculty committee, but neither an accurate nor a morally or legally binding one.

The equal-protection clause, Douglas argued, does not demand that a law school employ these or other yardsticks as either a hurdle or an admissions ticket. He considers a school fully justified in looking at a black applicant "who pulled himself out of the ghetto into a junior college . . . [and] may thereby demonstrate a level of motivation, perseverance, and ability that would lead a fair-minded admissions committee to conclude that he shows more promise for law study than the son of a rich alumnus who received better grades at Harvard."

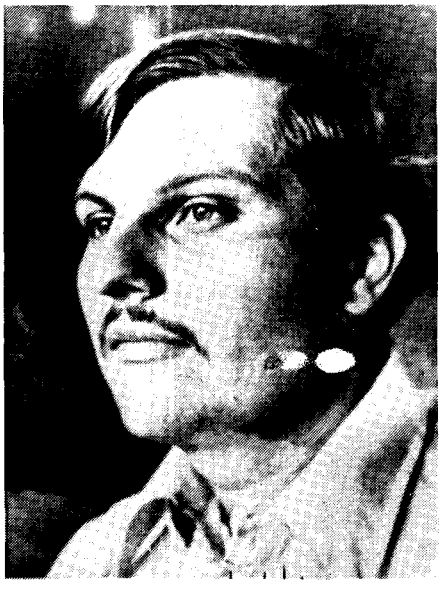
The implication is clearly that such a student could be admitted ahead of even DeFunis, not because he is black, but because he has shown potential as an individual superior to that shown by another student—possibly DeFunis—who had enjoyed greater opportunities.

Such an individual assessment, with its consequence of preferential admission, Douglas insisted, is entirely permissible—as long as it is not based on race. The evaluation would represent a policy applicable to any person or member of any racial or national group rather than a policy that reduces the total number of places for which DeFunis could have competed "solely on account of his race."

The distinction is subtle but real. The Douglas interpretation in the end might not have improved DeFunis's chances. It is quite conceivable that, judged on individual terms and measured against a background of motivation and perseverance, as many or even more of the minority applicants might have out-

Photos: Wide World

Justice William O. Douglas and Marco DeFunis, Jr.—Dissent and definition.



Fred M. Hechinger is a member of the editorial board of The New York Times.

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ranked DeFunis in the total assessment of all the candidates' potential as future lawyers; but none of the available places would have been closed to DeFunis simply because they were "for blacks only." The judgment gains in poignancy against a historic backdrop of Jim Crow or of "Irish Need Not Apply."

The Douglas dissent could easily be distorted into a demand that cultural and racial background be disregarded by admissions committees. His intent is precisely the opposite. "The Indian who walks to the beat of Chief Seattle . . . has a different culture than examiners at the law school," Justice Douglas wrote. The point is that a school must look at applicants as persons who bring with them their own peculiar strengths and weaknesses, but it must look at them "in a racially neutral way."

Cultural standards of a diverse, rather than a homogeneous, society must be taken into account. If they are not, then certain groups will continually be screened out by the standard tests as, Justice Douglas recalls, admissions tests were once used to eliminate Jews. Since the melting pot is designed, not "to homogenize people," but rather as "a figure of speech that depicts the wide diversities tolerated by the First Amendment under one flag," separate classifications and criteria are permissible—but not reserved places, that is, quotas.

(Continued on page 56.)

The Educator's Bookshelf

Will It Grow in a Classroom? edited by Beatrice and Ronald Gross (Delacorte Press, 316 pp., $8.95), is going to make a lot of friends. Growing out of The Free Learning Project, an informal association of educational activists, its unobtrusive theme is that of good teachers talking shop. Those familiar with the literature of innovation will rediscover with pleasure Burt Schuman's maiden performance of "Mock Turtle's Song," the essay "How to Steal Some Fruits," Karl Liikson's sadness at student words that "sink like stones without a ripple," and other memorable pieces. Here is an optimistic book, an uncomplicated resource energetically assembled and charmingly written. It invites us to join the conversation, and I hope we do.

Education and the Taming of Power by Sidney Hook (Open Court Publishing Company, 310 pp., $8.95) and *The Uses of a Liberal Education* by Brand Blanshard (Open Court Publishing Company, 415 pp., $9.95) recapitulate some of the livelier writings of two distinguished philosophers. Ever fearful of intellectual compromise, Professor Hook dedicates his collection to "those who have suffered without yielding in the cause of scholarship." His is a robust work, charging Illich with "absurd extremism," and characterizing Goodman, Holt, Kozol, Dennison, Friedenberg, and other libertarians as betraying John Dewey. Perhaps more gentle, Professor Blanshard's book abounds with memorable observations—that the measure of a university is the sort of man that walks out of its doors, that men philosophize because they wish to understand the world they live in, that first-rate writers write as they do "because somewhere along the line they had a love affair with great writing." Polished, witty, this volume speaks of serenity, art, books, courage. Readers whose interests these days turn toward educational reform might well enjoy the steadying tones of these compelling studies in popular educational philosophy.

Souls in Extremis: An Anthology on Victims and Victimizers by Burton Blatt (Allyn & Bacon, 576 pp., $15.96) questions the institutionalization of the mentally retarded. Director of Special Education at Syracuse University, its author concedes that his work is not "smoothed and turned and varnished and clarified for the reader" but rather, constitutes a commonplace book or diary. The effect is kaleidoscopic. Interviews, poems, photographic essays, homilies, quotations, aphorisms, sketches, technical articles, and passionate cries for humanity form intricate and wholly unpredictable patterns for the reading eye. The work of a self-confessed compulsive writer, *Souls in Extremis* will shock some, for its form and style as well as for its content. In its dealing with state response to retardation, however, it emerges as a unique study in the irony of isolation.

The New Assault on Equality: IQ and Social Stratification edited by Alan Gartner, Colin Greer, and Frank Riessman (Harper & Row, 225 pp., $1.95) brings together eight previously printed essays on a theme described by the editors as "the lingering infatuation." The major selection is a searching piece entitled "IQ in the United States Class Structure" by Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis. Its authors explain the tension between people's search for work satisfaction and the managerial need for "secure top-down control of economic activity." Chapters by Noam Chomsky, David S. McClellan, and others probe the implications of recent debates between geneticist and environmentalist interpretations of human achievement. With controversy surrounding the topic, educators will want to add this vigorous rendition to their background reading.

Patterns for Lifelong Learning by Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., Paul A. Miller, and Clifton R. Wharton, Jr. (Jossey-Bass, 135 pp., $7.75), proposes wider choice and reduced reliance on degrees for a public demanding continuing education. Featuring over five dozen recommendations, this down-to-earth contribution recognizes the particular stresses placed on universities afraid that extended services will jeopardize scholarship. Chapters on the modification of procedures and programs offer some very practical advice on admissions and transfer credit, while passages on the maintenance of quality serve to mollify skeptical academics. Here is a timely analysis for an era of shrinking work weeks.

Public Schools of Choice by Mario D Fantini (Simon and Schuster, 256 pp. $8.95) reiterates a previous contention that public schools can work. Suggesting that voucher plans preclude reform *within* the public sector, Dean Fantini urges publicly sponsored consumer choice. Central to his work is an educational continuum ranging from free through open and modified, to standard alternatives, which are exemplified with reference to a variety of schools in Quincy, Ill., Berkeley, Calif., Bethesda Md., and elsewhere. In the appendix, the author dubs "my friend Herb Kohl" a radical reformer, styling himself a moderate by comparison. This easy sense of perspective renders the argument persuasive and lends maturity to the book as a whole.

JOHN CALAM

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....invite you to join with them in celebration of

Saturday Review/World's 50th Anniversary

two special issues, appearing August 10 and August 24, *ırday Review/World* will mark its fiftieth year in publishing. se twin anniversary issues will be *SR/W* Retrospective and *W* Prospective.

he August 10 *SR/W* Retrospective issue will examine the raction of ideas and events over the past 50 years, the impact ıe Second World War on the ideology, politics, and economies ıations—the manners and morals of a nation growing from lescence into maturity.

he August 24 Prospective issue will probe the next 50 years—what factors will affect the human habitat, in terms of science, technology, resources, population, stress, food supply, environment.

Together, *SR/W*'s two anniversary issues offer an overview of 100 years—yesterday's journey into tomorrow. Each of them will be twice the size of an average issue of *SR/W*, and the newsstand price of each will be increased—for this occasion only—from 75 cents to a dollar. Listed above are the distinguished international authorities whose work will appear in these issues. Below, some of the features you will find:

rospective Issue
;ust 10

The Past 50 Years

tair Cooke examines the year 1924, when the modern era *SR*) began

ıg Howe chronicles the literary history of America since 1924

ry Steele Commager appraises the forces of change in Americulture

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lair Lewis on **John O'Hara's** "Appointment in Samarra"

er Davis on **Sinclair Lewis**'s "It Can't Happen Here"

es Thurber on **Dale Carnegie**'s "How To Win Friends and ıence People"

iam L. White on **William Shirer**'s "Berlin Diary"

acerbic **Arnold Schoenberg–Thomas Mann** debate

ık Altschul on **Henry A. Kissinger**'s "The Necessity for ice"

ɜn Eiseley on **Rachel Carson**'s "Silent Spring"

an Smith on **Betty Friedan**'s "The Feminine Mystique"

rge Stevens on the early years of "Saturday Review"

Prospective Issue
August 24

The Next 50 Years

McGeorge Bundy writes a history of the world from the perspective of the year 2024

Andrei Sakharov, in an exclusive dispatch telephoned to *SR/W* from Moscow, predicts the convergence of the capitalist and socialist systems

René Dubos prescribes a redefinition of modern man so that he will prosper through the future

Neil Armstrong previews lunar colonies and the nature of future space exploration

Wernher von Braun tells how orbiting satellites will help us farm, communicate, and avoid disasters

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Dr. Michael DeBakey looks beyond the present frontiers of medicine

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Kurt Waldheim projects prospects for world cooperation

Jacques Cousteau delves into man's newest frontier, the sea

Moshe Safdie tells how architecture will shape man's future environment

Rev. Theodore Hesburgh speculates on the future of religion in society

Harold Howe II files a report to the President on the state of education in 2024

Isaac Asimov provides a scrapbook of clippings from the year 2024

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Corrections

I feel that I should disabuse anyone who might have been misled by something I wrote a few weeks ago about the old cowboy song "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." I said that the singer started by saying, "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie," and then changed his mind for no apparent reason and in the last line says, "When I die, you can bury me 'neath the Western sky on the lone prairie."

Evidently, I should have found a reputable book of cowboy songs before I shot from the hip.

I learned from readers that my lyrics were "some dude version," possibly invented by me or possibly discovered long ago in some ancient collection of spurious cowboy songs compiled by a Manhattan cab driver.

In short, I got lots of mail and lots of versions of "Oh, Bury Me Not. . . ."

Helen Tauber, of Prentice-Hall, Inc., way out in the badlands of Englewood Cliffs, N.J., says that "what the cowpoke sang was 'Oh, bury me *nigh* [rhyming later with *sky* and *die*] on the lone prairie.' "

Several readers said that there are two versions (I can now attest to more than that), one going, "Bury me *out* on the lone prairie."

The version that seems to be most widely accepted was best expressed by Frank Stall, of South Salem, N.Y. He says, "I must tell you that the words you learned in southern Westchester were not those of the 'much older cowboy song,' but rather of a tin-pan-alleyized version that was popular sometime around (guesswork) 1938. The old song went pretty nearly like this:

Oh bury me not on the lone prairie—
These words came low, and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie—
Where the coyote howls and the wind blows free—
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.
Oh bury me not—his words failed there,
But we took no heed of his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
We buried him there, on the lone prairie."

That's more like it. The lyrics I remember from my nonage are not only inconsistent, but also insipid in comparison. So now, in the full bloom of middle age, I'm still discovering the errors of my youth.

My mentioning in that column that you can get away with almost anything if you set it to music moved Audrey Orenbach, of Stamford, Conn., to send me the lyrics to Irving Berlin's "The Girl That I Marry," from *Annie, Get Your Gun*:

The girl that I marry will have to be
As soft and pink as a nursery . . .
Will wear satins and laces and smell of cologne

And so on.

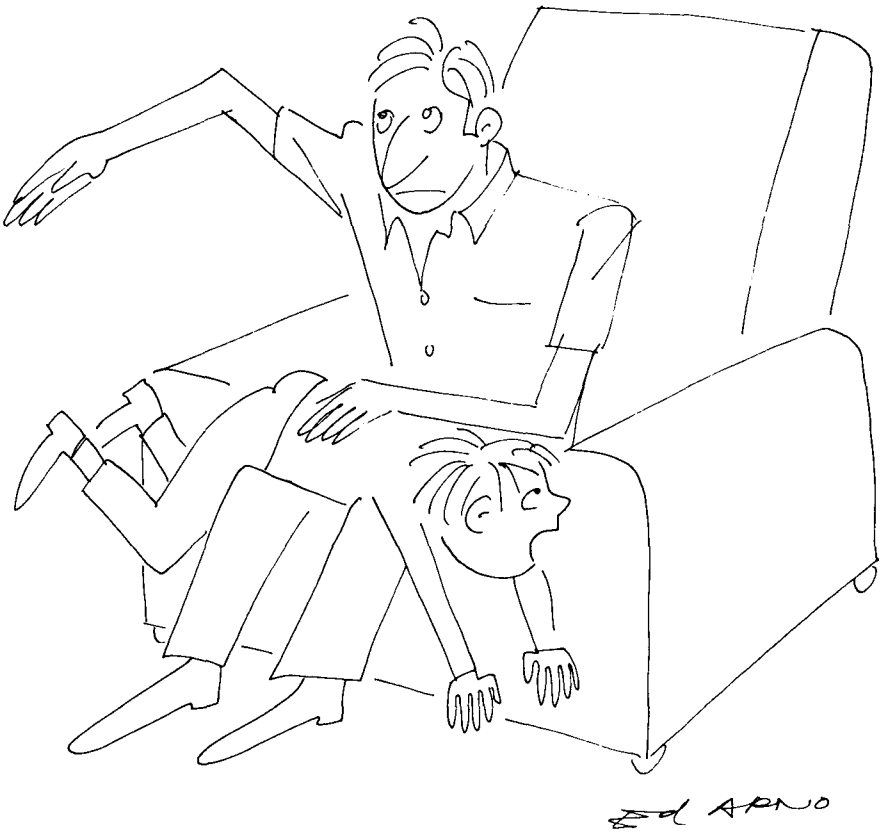
Mrs. Orenbach says, "Every time I hear the lyrics I get hysterical."

Irving Berlin doesn't need me to defend him, but in this case I must, because I remember how that song struck me when I first heard it. I, too, thought it was one of the sappiest, most sickening lyrics ever written. Then I saw *Annie, Get Your Gun* on Broadway. I'll lay odds that Mrs. Orenbach didn't. Context can mean as much to a song as to anything else.

If Mrs. Orenbach had seen Ethel Merman standing there in buckskins, boots, and ten-gallon hat, carrying a rifle, being a buddy, while Ray Middleton, a huge, dark, immaculately groomed hunk of man, as they said in those days, told her in song about the kind of girl he wanted, she'd never again have laughed at that song.

We who cringed with poor Annie as her heart was being pulverized and who felt the fresh turn of the knife at every word, right through "A doll I can carry, the girl that I marry must be," could no longer find the lyrics funny.

I wonder if *Annie* would hold up today in the glare of the new feminism. Probably not. In order to get her man, Annie pulls the time-honored cop-out so hated, with good reason, by feminists: she takes a dive, so to speak, in the big shooting match so as not to bruise big, strong, handsome Frank Butler's tender machismo. That's what smart girls have always done. I think that while a lot of us would go along with it for old times' sake, we'd be overwhelmed by the jeers of an aroused Jacquelinerie. Another reminder of the errors of our youth. □



"According to U.S. v. Miranda, *you're violating my civil rights."*

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Double-Crostic No. 54

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 D	2 W	3 C		4 R	5 K	6 F	7 G	8 O	9 E	10 J	11 W	12 M		13 G	14 E	15 Q	16 T
	17 U	18 O	19 D	20 M		21 S	22 X		23 B	24 G	25 X	26 K	27 H	28 D		29 O	30 T
31 E		32 F	33 A	34 M	35 D	36 V	37 B	38 K	39 J		40 L	41 E	42 D	43 J	44 N	45 S	
46 K	47 H	48 U	49 M	50 B	51 J		52 W	53 O	54 P		55 F	56 C	57 W	58 H	59 A	60 X	61 P
	62 T		63 B	64 W	65 L	66 O	67 A	68 H	69 P	70 Q	71 J	72 S	73 K		74 W	75 L	
76 E	77 U	78 F	79 P	80 K	81 X	82 G	83 R	84 Q		85 M	86 A	87 U	88 R	89 L		90 S	
91 I	92 K	93 T	94 Q	95 B	96 F		97 S	98 P	99 X	100 M		101 A	102 J	103 S		104 R	105 M
106 G	107 F	108 X	109 L	110 C	111 K	112 N	113 J		114 T	115 S	116 P	117 N		118 E	119 B	120 V	
121 H	122 A	123 P	124 I	125 N	126 U		127 C	128 S	129 F	130 L		131 U	132 J	133 A		134 E	135 K
136 Q		137 V	138 N	139 T	140 O	141 G	142 I	143 C	144 S	145 J		146 B	147 H		148 F	149 V	150 B
151 O	152 K		153 R	154 H	155 N	156 X		157 N	158 T	159 P		160 U	161 G		162 P	163 C	
164 N		165 V	166 L	167 W	168 B	169 O	170 H	171 S	172 Q	173 J	174 G	175 R		176 S	177 J	178 V	179 D
	180 F	181 S		182 R	183 X	184 G	185 B	186 C		187 I	188 J	189 O	190 V		191 K	192 T	193 Q
194 P		195 E	196 C	197 O	198 D	199 J	200 P	201 I	202 V	203 R		204 V	205 H		206 M	207 X	

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Fickle; inconstant	33 59 67 86 101 122 133
B. Intended for wide or general circulation	150 168 23 50 63 95 146 37 119 185
C. Worked up (o'd material) into a new form	196 3 56 110 127 143 163 186
D. "The _____-Quadrille" (*Alice in Wonderland*)	19 42 179 198 1 28 35
E. Wild prank	41 76 118 134 195 14 9 31
F. Decayed; out of fashion (comp.)	78 129 148 180 6 32 55 96 107
G. Having an equal number of parts, markings, etc.	174 7 24 82 106 141 161 184 13
H. Desists from; abandons (2 wds.)	47 68 121 154 170 27 58 147 205
I. Turning machine	91 124 142 187 201
J. Piece of land between Spencer Gulf and the Great Australian Bight (2 wds.)	10 113 145 173 43 71 132 199 39 51 102 177 188
K. Giddy, empty-headed, talkative person	26 38 73 80 111 152 191 5 46 92 135
L. Confuses; embarrasses; produces (2 wds.)	40 65 75 89 166 109 130

CLUES	WORDS
M. Rise in the air	20 34 105 206 12 49 85 100
N. Lane; narrow passage	138 44 112 155 117 157 164 125
O. Chronic; continuous	8 66 189 197 29 53 151 140 169 18
P. Island group about 1,000 miles east of Australia (2 wds.)	194 54 123 61 79 162 69 98 200 116 159
Q. Refused to tip (sl.)	84 94 15 70 172 193 136
R. Spotted sandpiper	4 83 104 175 182 88 153 203
S. (Of streams, lakes, etc.) Become polluted by phosphates, nitrates, etc.	45 144 97 171 21 128 115 72 176 90 103 181
T. Connected	62 93 114 158 139 30 192 16
U. Fawns	87 77 17 160 131 48 126
V. Egyptian species of mongoose	36 165 149 120 190 178 137 204 202
W. Foster; keep alive	11 64 167 57 74 52 2
X. Shaped like a drop	60 25 108 207 81 22 183 156 99

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 53* appears on page 44.

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(**Education:** *continued from page 52.*)

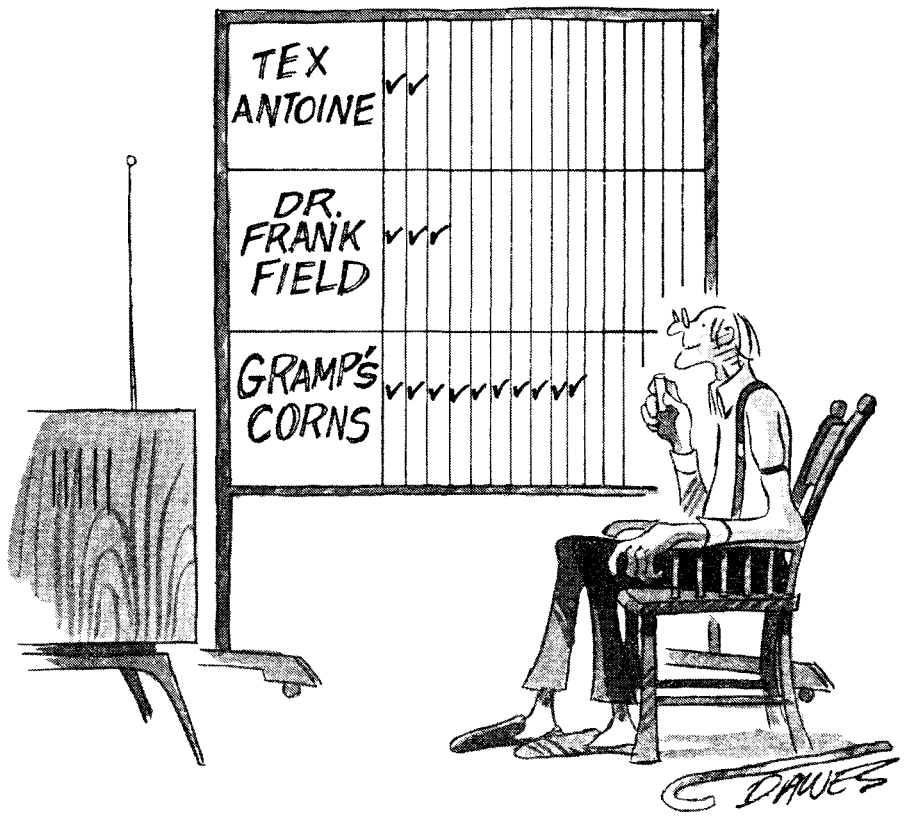
At the heart of all the school desegregation cases has been the question of equality—the stigma of segregated confinement to a particular school as well as the stigma of attendance in a segregated classroom. Now, the assumption that must be rejected, Justice Douglas warns, is that blacks "cannot make it on their individual merit," because such an assumption "is a stamp of inferiority that a state is not permitted to place on any lawyer."

If discrimination based on race were to be constitutionally permissible whenever some compelling reasons can be found to justify it, then "constitutional guarantees acquire an accordion-like quality"—clearly an unacceptable proposition for a strict constructionist and, one must hope, for a true liberal as well. Any state-sponsored preference for one race over another is to Justice Douglas "invidious and violative of the equal-protection clause."

Courts, wrote Justice Douglas, are not educators; their expertise is limited. One wants to agree. Running schools, colleges, or universities by court order is as bad for education as for the law. Yet the educational leadership has shown an unfortunate capacity for often ignoring its true obligations until the courts were compelled to step in and determine the agenda. The 1954 desegregation ruling by the Warren court is the most glaring example. Yet only a few months ago it was again left to the court to order bilingual teaching for non-English-speaking Chinese youngsters—surely a course of action that ought to have occurred to pedagogues without a reminder from the bench.

Still, Justice Douglas is not above making some educational suggestions. Having already heaped scorn on the LSATs ("abolition of the LSAT test would be a start"), he suggests special programs, before admission, that would allow candidates actually to try their hand at law courses, along with a more individualized process of interviewing and assessment. "Such a program," he concluded, "might be less convenient administratively than simply sorting students by race, but we have never held administrative convenience to justify racial discrimination."

What Justice Douglas overlooks, perhaps deliberately, is the fact that administrative convenience has historically dominated far too many, if not most, institutional arrangements in education. The judicial torpedo he fired at that tradition, almost as an aside, may turn out to be his most valuable contribution toward cutting through the knotty controversy of quotas and reverse discrimination. □



(**Diversions:** *continued from page 28.*)

This Little Old Lady was born in *1912*, I fungo.

Thats better, the Sour Ball growls. What is her Fathers name?

Lush, says Sheila.

And her Mothers name?

Rose, says Sheila.

Your old lady is named Rose! I remind Sheila.

And when was *Rose* Grace born? asks the Sister of Mercy (ha, ha!).

1940, says Sheila.

Blurts Florid Nightingale: Thats impossible! You have the Mother born *after* the Patient!

They are a very independent family, says Sheila.

Is this Patient allerjic to Pencillin, Antihisamines, or similar Anti-byotics?

She is allergic to water, says Sheila.

Has the Patient ever been admitted to this Hospital before?

Not by me! I hasten. Good-bye!

Just one mo-ment! glares the Nurse. Does the Patient posess any form of Hospital or Group Insurance?

Alcoholics Unanimous, says Sheila.

What is the number? demands Sourpuss.

Dial Information, cracks Sheila.

I mean her *Policy* Number!

She does not play no Numbers, says Sheila yanking me toward the Door.

Wait! crys the Torture Queen. *Sine this Form!*

I do not write on the Sabbat, says Sheila.

And out we zoom!

But as we head for the Exit, Lefty, *what do I see* in the corridor? The Little Old Lady is patting the Intern's head, wich he is holding in his 2 hands, and she is calling: Doctor! Nursie!! Someone take care of this Young Man! He is crying!

Lefty, I was never so glad to get out of a Joint in my entire whole life!

Your pal,
Vern

P.S. The even worst part of everything is that Miss Sheila La Rue was so furious about the whole rubarb that she would not give me the time of day—even when it was 11 in the PM and I was panting for Action (if you know what I mean).

So my advice to you or any other pal is—Dont help no L.O.L.s if you want to make out with a chick! Let them R.I.P. A Good Samarian is *poison* in NY. □

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FORTY EXPERTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD recently met in Rensselaerville, New York, under the auspices of The Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies and The Institute on Man and Science to help develop a World Population Plan of Action. A report summarizing their discussion and conclusions can be obtained at a charge of $2 per copy by writing The Institute on Man and Science, Rensselaerville, New York 12147.

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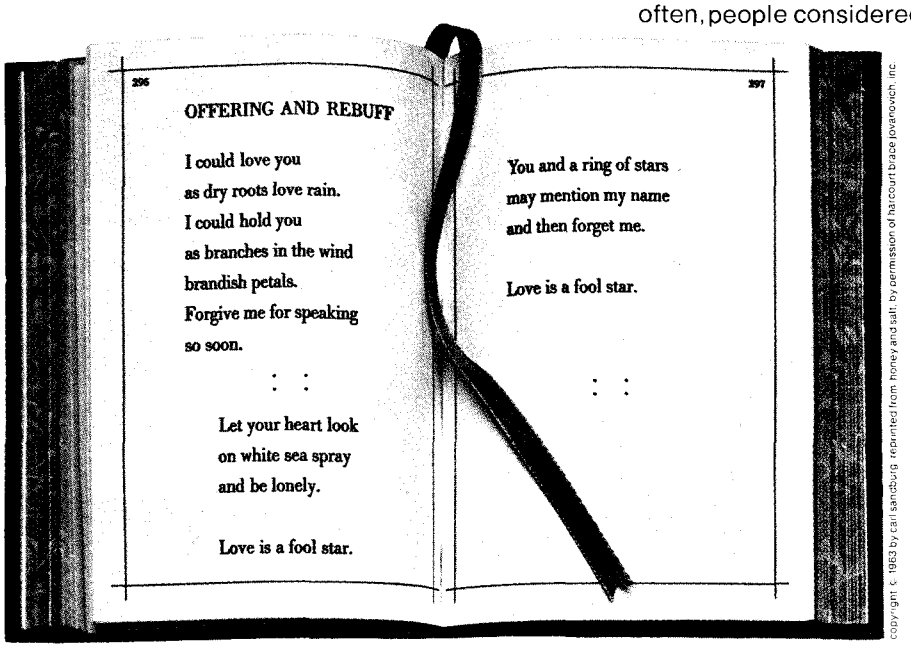
We no longer grow old gracefully. Years of experience are not always valued. Instead of using the wisdom of age to help solve our problems, we have turned the aged themselves into a problem. Our preoccupation with youth has made us forget that, often, people considered "too old" have the youngest ideas of all.


296
OFFERING AND REBUFF
I could love you
as dry roots love rain.
I could hold you
as branches in the wind
brandish petals.
Forgive me for speaking
so soon.
: :
Let your heart look
on white sea spray
and be lonely.
Love is a fool star.
297
You and a ring of stars
may mention my name
and then forget me.
Love is a fool star.
: :
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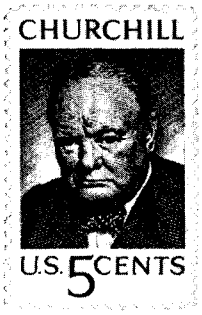
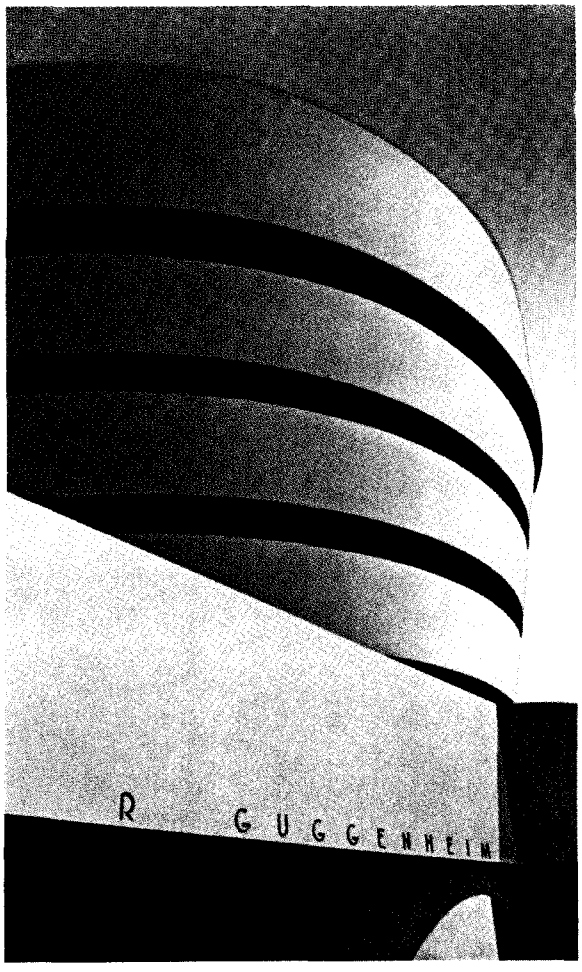
Carl Sandburg, age 85, "Offering and Rebuff."



Winston Churchill, age 77, re-elected British Prime Minister.



Frank Lloyd Wright, age 76, "Guggenheim Museum."

Grandma Moses, age 101, "The Rainbow."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, age 68, "Nobel Peace Prize."

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